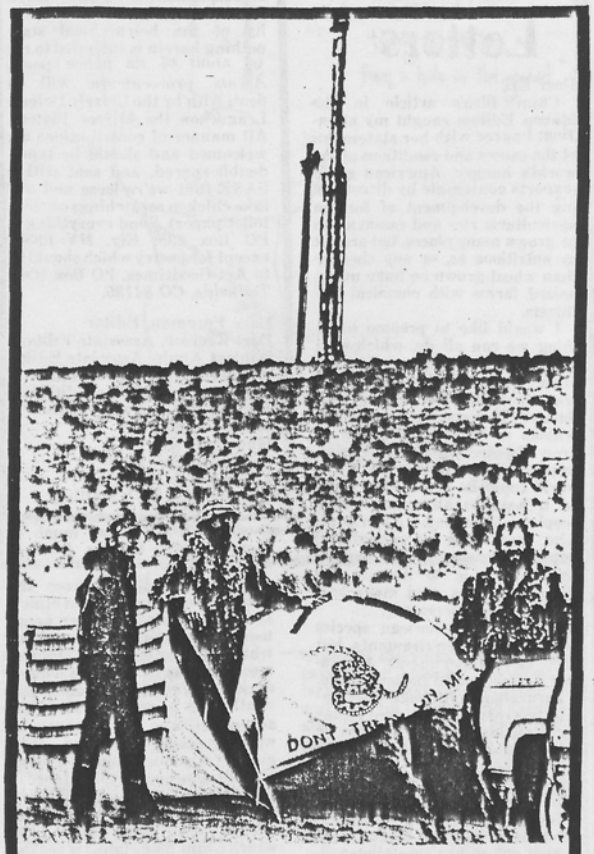
EARTH FIRST!

YULE/BRIGID EDITION

DECEMBER 21, 1982 Vol. III, No. II

THE BATTLE OF SALT CREEK

by Bart Kochler



Taylor, Foreman, Wolke at Salt Creek Blockade.

Newsweek called it "A War Over Federal Lands." Dan Rather pegged it a "Wilderness Battleground." Newspaper, radio, and TV accounts described it in many ways. The footage from the CBS Evening News captured the incident best: There was the illegal drill rig and the peaceful tent blockade. Then the glaring floodlights and the roar of the bulldozer; the shouted warnings of "get out of the way, or you'll get killed"; the cursing and confusion, bodies pushed out of the way, tents destroyed and then—darkness.

The Wilderness War had begun. The first skirmish was fought on a chilly night in New Mexico's little known Salt Creek Wilderness Area. Millions of Americans were eye-witnesses.

The tug-of-war over our country's remaining wildlands was no longer a verbal war. *Things were getting downright physical.*

In the Beginning

Yates Petroleum's oil and gas lease from the State of New Mexico was to expire on Nov. 1, 1982. So, on Oct. 31, just hours before the deadline, Yates cut through the Bitter Lake National Wildlife Refuge fence, bulldozed an illegal road, and started drilling.

Caught with their pants down, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service cited Yates for trespassing on *Nov. 3.* An hour later, Yates started drilling again.

Yates stated that they had previously requested permission from the Fish and Wildlife Service to drill in the wilderness, but were denied.

Yates also had a letter (dated Oct. 25) from Interior Dept. associate solicitor Alexander Good. Mr. Good stated that, "the Department has no legal objection to Yates' drilling within the wilderness," *but,* "due to restrictions in appropriation legislation, we cannot process or issue the permits at this time."

Yates continued drilling.

Sunday Showdown

Five local conservationists, including Wes Leonard of El Paso, got word of the Yates fiasco and moved fast.

On Sunday, Nov. 7, they set up tents across the illegal access road to the drilling rig. Their banner read "Rape Watt, not Wilderness! Earth First!."

They had been confronted by Yates' employees earlier in the day but had refused to move off the road. As Leonard put it, "If this is a road—then it's illegal."

Things quieted down. Bob Burnett headed home just before the bulldozer incident, with assurances that all would be peaceful.

Later that night, Wes Leonard, Jack Kutz, Ed Burns, John and Mike Colburn and the Salt Creek Wilderness were famous.

Draw the Line

It was Monday, Nov. 8. Yates, backed by the New Mexico State Land office, had secured a temporary restraining order which prohibited the environmentalists from blocking the access road.

Yates kept on drilling.

An Earth First! S.W.A.A.T. team was on the move. Dave Foreman, Howie Wolke and Jim Taylor were driving hard through a snowstorm from the north. When Dave's van broke down outside of Albuquerque, Kathy McCoy found a truck and took the crew the rest of the way.

The group arrived at Salt Creek late Tuesday, Nov. 9 to block the drilling *in defiance of the State's court order.* Howie Wolke put it this way, "If we don't stop the drilling in New Mexico, the Washakie or Bob Marshall Wilderness Areas will be next. We have to draw the line here."

On the windswept grassland, Foreman added, "If we're arrested, so be it. We will not be tossed out by some oil company goons."

A Very Long Wednesday

Early morning, Nov. 10, the Earth First! team started hiking across Salt Creek's grassland-yucca flat. The *El Paso Times* described the area this way:

"A mile long walk across the edge of the wilderness area is an eerie experience. . . .Open ground between sand dunes reveals the recently shed skin of a rattlesnake—a huge one. Humans are not in charge here."

The Earth First! team was in place along the access road by 9 a.m. On either side of the Earth First! encampment sat Chaves County Sheriff's vehicles. Both

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130 ARRESTED IN AUSTRALIA

Save the Nightcap

—John Seed

The most colorful flag: A painting of planet earth, blue and white floating in the blackness of space. Australia foreground, with "Earth First!" written in rainbow colors around the globe encircling her. A lifebuoy, a halo.

This flag flew next to the red, black and yellow Aboriginal land rights flag above our meeting tent at Mt. Nardi where we have been camped for the last couple of months in non-violent defense of the womb of all life—the rainforest.

The flag flew often at blocades on the road leading to the Nightcap Rainforest where up to 200 people regularly prevented logging trucks from passing till the police dragged them away. It flew in the forest herself as people obstructed the bulldozer, the chainsaws, the police.

Three months and 130 arrests make up the most recent and exciting phase of eight years of submissions, presentations, inquiries and inspections into the rainforests of northern New South Wales. Then, on 22 October 1982, the Land and Environment Court ruled that no further logging could take place on the Nightcap without an Environmental Impact Study. The chainsaw stopped its growling and the songs of the whipbird once more ruled the airwaves. Three days later, the State Government's cabinet announced the declaration of a string of rainforest National Parks, and the Nightcap was saved.

For six weeks we made regular raids into Grier Scrub on the western periphery of our proposed Nightcap National Park, obstructing the logging there, obstructing the roads. This piece of forest had been pretty much ruined, but we knew that Nardi was next and by announcing our intentions we thought we might scare them off. It also gave us a chance to get our act together

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IMPORTANT SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Look at your mailing label! If it's marked with red, this is your last issue unless you re-subscribe.

BISTI MASS TRESPASS

by Bart Kochler

We were walking away from Sunbelt's dragline when a couple of young Navajo hecklers shouted, "Get out of here! Indians need jobs!"

John Redhouse, a Navajo who had eloquently spoken for the defense of the Bisti at the rally, shook his head and said softly, "Sure we need jobs—but not at the price of destroying the Bisti."

At the Bisti

The weather in the rest of New Mexico was so awful that many folks never made the long journey to the Bisti, thirty miles south of Farmington in the northwest part of the state. Yet, in the colorful badlands, the sun was shining bright.

By noon, a crowd began to gather just outside the barbed wire fence surrounding Sunbelt's strip mining operation. (Sunbelt is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Public Service Company of New Mexico—PNM.) The signs on the fence read "State Property —No Trespassing." The crowd wore black armbands to declare a state of mourning.

People of all ages, and from at least six states, then slowly walked to the rally site—followed by several heavily laden (and out of shape) TV cameramen.

The rally site had a commanding view. To the west was the dragline and destruction. In all other directions was a grand landscape: The Bisti Wilderness Study Area—still very wild, but oh so fragile and vulnerable.

The Rally

After the spirited crowd sang two lively Johnny Sagebrush sing-along tunes, Neil Cobb took over. Neil, New Mexico coordinator for Earth First!, set the stage for the event. "Scientists tell me that there is only one other place like the Bisti, and it is a provincial park in Canada!"

Neil pointed at the existing mining activities and declared, "Sunbelt has their big ugly foot in

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EARTH FIRST!

THE *RADICAL* ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL
"No Compromise in the Defense of Mother Earth!"

EARTH FIRST! is published eight times a year. Subscription is $10 a year.

PO Box 235
Ely, NV 89301
(702) 289-8636

EARTH FIRST
Yule/Brigid Edition
December 21, 1982
Vol. III, No. II

Earth First! is a publication of The Circle of Darkness. Entire contents are copyrighted, 1982, but we're more than happy to allow reprinting if credit is given. *Earth First!* is a forum for the radical environmental movement and responsibility rests with the respective authors and correspondents. While *Earth First!* does not accept the authority of the heirarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us afoul of its police power. *Agents provocateurs* will be dealt with by the Grizzly Defense League on the Mirror Plateau. All manner of contributions are welcomed and should be typed, double-spaced, and sent with a SASE (but we're loose and will take chicken scratchings on *clean* toilet paper). Send everything to PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301 except for poetry which should go to Art Goodtimes, PO Box 1008, Telluride, CO 84135.

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Karen Tanner, Art
Kathy Bogan, Art
Jackson Hole EF!, Mailing

Around the Campfire

We know, we know. *Earth First!* is behind schedule. You don't receive it until a month after the date on it. Well, we're going to solve that problem. This is your *combined* Yule/Brigid issue. The next issue will be Eostar on March 21 and if you don't receive it by the equinox, I'll go without beer for a whole day!
—DF

* * * * *

I continue to be amazed by the positive response to *EF!*. Not only are new subscriptions and resubscriptions picking up, but we continue to receive an outpouring of talent for our pages. Ed Abbey has generously given us permission to reprint any of his work and we will be featuring something from Cactus Ed every issue—this time his holiday wishes to pigs. Howie Wolke has begun writing a column and my dear friend Chim Blea will be hard pressed to remain controversial alongside the Bouncer. Speaking of Chim Blea—she is a cat, as you know, and cats are notoriously lazy and independent. That is why there is no *Cat Tracks* in this issue. She's leaving them down in her old home of Baja right now but will be back for Eostar with something to make you think or make you angry or both. Demonstrating the breadth of our happy band of warriors *Earth Religion* this time features a Christian viewpoint from Charlie Watson, one of the legendary figures of the modern conservation movement. Beginning with Eostar, *Earth Religion* will be transformed into a regular column, *Mutterings from Mama*, by Mama Rue. We continue to welcome brilliant flashes from all of your brains (right and left hemispheres) and remain unafraid to present differing viewpoints or those that are iconoclastic. We welcome back Art Goodtimes and *Armed With Visions* this issue and look forward to a regular appearance (poetry does precede action, you know). I would like to give special thanks to Prof. Bill Devall of Humboldt State, for sending us a variety of philosophical pieces for *Earth First!*. I urge you to read his "Earth Bonding" essay. It is important. Besides being one of the leading philosophers of Deep Ecology in the world, Bill is the editor of our soon-to-come book, *Voices For Deep Ecology*, and is an associate editor of *EF!*.
—DF

* * * * *

We're pleased to report that we finally have the 1983 Earth First! Calendar, Silent Agitators, and Earth First! camouflage hats *in stock*. We appreciate the patience of those of you who have waited for yours. We're getting our act together (as well as the necessary cash flow) and should not run into the problem of running out of merchandise any more (at least we hope so!).

* * * * *

We recently had a few comments from people feeling that we had somehow maligned the efforts of the previous editor and other folks who helped put out the paper, merchandise, etc. If we've given that impression we'd like to apologize. The Salt Lake City folks did a good job and put in many long hours.

We've also received a few comments such as, "Look you raving Earth Zealots—Don't circle my name in red ink—I've just sent you $20." Our old Xeroxed mailing list was getting too cumbersome so we were forced to resort to modern technology and have the list computerized by one of our Reno EF!ers. When you resubscribe now it takes about a month for the computer to acknowledge the fact that you paid. We know, however, so don't fret, you won't be dropped. Since we send everyone the issue *after* their subscription expires, you have an added protection factor against missing an issue.
—Wildcat Annie

The Earth First! SWAAT Team

The events of this fall have clearly demonstrated that we cannot always pick the time and place of the wilderness battle. The attack on Salt Creek came out of the night, without warning, on an area we did not know and by an enemy we did not expect. This fall has proved that courageous direct action can win where traditional methods fail and that there are many Earth lovers willing to face arrest or personal injury to save our Mother. Had it not been for the bravery and quick action of those who physically stood for the Salt Creek Wilderness, it is likely that the Department of Interior would not have moved to secure an injunction against Yates. It was direct action—in defiance of bulldozers, oil company goons, an illegal State Court restraining order, and Chaves County sheriff's deputies—that stopped Yates Petroleum Company and their co-conspirator James G. Watt dead in their tracks.

On the Bisti, all the legal methods of protest have failed. The Sunbelt lease is legal and the state land portion of the Bisti will be destroyed so pimply-faced kids with purple mohawks can play Pac-Man on Sunset Strip. Had we not waited, however, for the letters and appeals of the Sierra Club to be exhausted, had we gone in earlier with our direct action, we could have won. We could have saved the entire Bisti. We've failed in that. But we've drawn a line, as Wes Leonard says. We have served notice that the machines of industrial rape will progress no further in that badland fantasy world, in that surreal Carlsbad Caverns with the roof cut off. Fifty preservationists broke the law on a bright, cold Saturday in November. And *that* has made a point.

It is clear that the attacks will continue. Indeed, they will intensify. The Nuke Dump in Canyonlands, logging roads in the Siskiyous and Kalmiopsis, oil rigs and clearcuts in the Gros Ventre, Wayne Newton in the River of No Return, a strip mine in the Three Sisters. All of these attacks and more must be repulsed during 1983.

Those of us who rushed to Salt Creek did not worry about these mundane questions. We did not care if we were alone in standing against Yates, did not care if our cars broke down on the way, did not care if we had money for food. We had a duty. And there were dozens of us from all over the West ready to face the consequences of that duty.

Nonetheless, the practical questions remain. We must be able to respond more quickly. We must know who is willing to engage in direct action so they can be contacted. We must have a support system with which to maintain contact with the outside world. We must be ready with bail money for those who are arrested (four individuals were ready to bail us out at Salt Creek.) We must have an emergency fund to pay for gas, food, phone, etc. for future actions of this kind (often it is those who are unemployed who are free to go at a moment's notice).

Our answer is the Earth First! S.W.A.A.T. Team (Save Wilderness At Any Time). If you're willing to stand tall and proud in defense of your Mother and Her diversity of life, fill out the form in this issue and send it back to us (or some reasonable facsimile).

Our brothers and sisters in Australia have set a powerful example for us. The next time in the USA will not be as easy as Salt Creek. But we will do it.

Letters

Dear EF!

Chim Blea's article in the Mabon Edition caught my attention; I agree with her statements of the causes and conditions of the world's hungry. American grain exports contribute by discouraging the development of foreign agriculture: rice and cassava can be grown many places, but are not as nutritious as, or any cheaper than wheat grown on huge mechanized farms with chemical fertilizers.

I would like to propose something we can all do, which may eventually help improve the situation: Research alternative food crops suitable for "cottage industry." If crops at least as nutritious as wheat, but easier to grow in overpopulated, undernourished, land-poor parts of the world could be found, they could be a boon to all malnourished peoples, including Americans. Also, broadening our agricultural base would make our food supply less vulnerable to disease and climate changes, and make vast farmlands less necessary.

Two native American species *may* fill these requirements, but need more experiments: Jerusalem Artichoke and Indian Potato.

Jerusalem Artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*) can be used either for the fodder value of the tops, or for the tubers which can be used as potatoes, with the added advantage that it produces beautiful yellow flowers.

Indian Potato (*Apios americana*) is a legume, and so produces an edible, easily-stored, high-protein tuber as well as edible peas. A native of moist to swampy soils, it can be grown densely in buckets or swamps provided the vines have room to climb. The attractive, fragrant flower-clusters are a bonus, and harvesting is easy because the vines die in winter, and only one end of the long string of egg-sized tubers need be found.

Both of the above species will grow over much of the U.S., and winter outdoors, the tubers being dug as needed.

I urge anyone growing the above, or other species to inform me of their successes, and anyone wanting information or sample plants to contact me.

Mad George
3861 Locklear Way
Doraville, GA

Dear *EF!*

Re "Cat Tracks" in the September issue of *EF!*, I will grant author Chim Blea that it is far preferable to instantly kill a wild animal than it is to pen and cage animals for months and years, not allowing them to turn around; to cut off their tails, beaks and genitals; to stuff them with hormones and unnatural foods; to rob them of natural light; to separate them from their young; and to force as much milk or as many eggs or litters from them as is profitable before cruelly killing them. The person who buys plastic-wrapped flesh or cartons of animal by-products is certainly responsible for as much or more cruelty than a (skilled) hunter.

But Chim Blea misses the entire point of vegetarian ethics. It is not (contrary to her agrument) *how* you kill something which makes the killing right or wrong (although it makes it more or less cruel), but whether the death was *necessary*. If I kill someone who is innocently walking along the road, that murder is unquestionably wrong. If I kill someone in self-defense it is not wrong (unless one wishes to argue that the other life was worth more than my own, which Chim Blea claims is not the case).

Humans need to eat plants in order to survive. Humans do not need to eat animals in order to live or be healthy; we are not natural carnivores and, in fact, it is our over-consumption of animal fats which makes the wealthiest nations the least healthy. (Chim Blea is wrong in assuming her ancient ancestors consumed much meat except in unusual circumstances—she has been duped by the meat industry and the government which feed off it.)

Killing animals is unnecessary for our health and survival and is therefore immoral. For that matter, making them suffer in order to consume their eggs and milk or use their other by-products is also unnecessary (and unhealthy) and therefore immoral. Using wild animals in this way is less cruel than using domestic animals (because of the shorter period of suffering involved), but it is just as unnecessary and therefore just as immoral. Eating plants is necessary and therefore is not immoral; it is a regrettable choice we must make between their lives and our own.

Finally, unless Chim Blea hunts and eats humans as well as other animals, she would do better not to accuse vegetarians of being "anthropocentric." She is the one arbitrarily drawing lines between justified and unjust-

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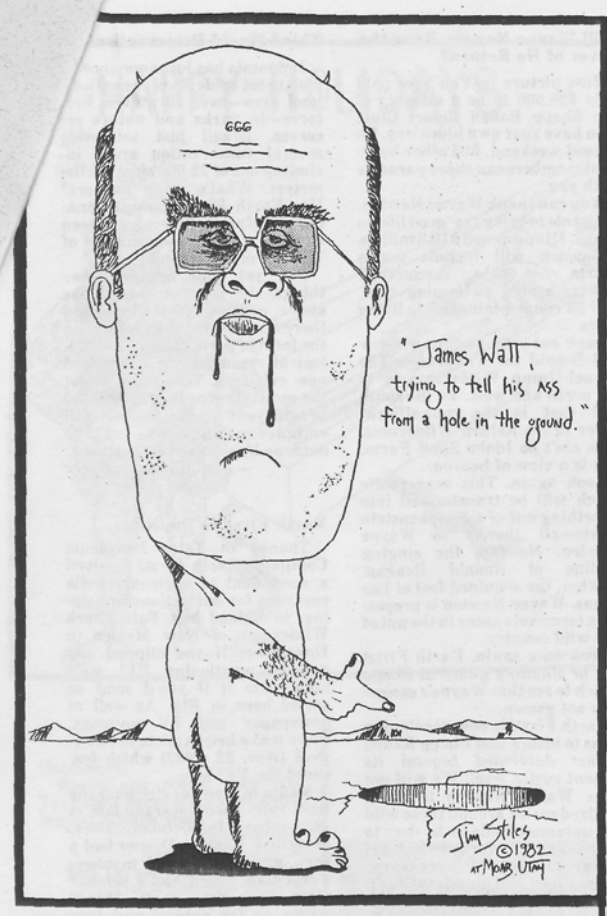

ified killing, without regard as to whether a death is necessary or simply a matter of her own vanity.

Sincerely,
Barbara Dell

Dear Chim Blea,

I never thought you'd turn out to be such a lily-livered, bleeding-heart, knee-jerk liberal. In your "Ethics of Vegetarianism" you've taken the self-evident fallacy that "All Men Are Created Equal" and extended it to the conclusion that all organisms are created/evolved equal. This is an anthropocentric philosophy artificially imposed on the natural system. What's more, you don't even believe it yourself. You say that, "It is killing whether it's a beef or a blueberry. . . .A human life or the life of a cow is not more intrinsically valuable than the life of a shrimp or a radish or a pinto bean." Does it follow that if I may nibble on an alfalfa sprout, I may also chop down a 2000-year-old Sequoia? I can, as you suggest, saw it down respectfully and thank it for giving up its life to become picnic tables to improve the quality of life of thousands of families in my American tribe. But if I do, I expect you'll consider my life even *less* intrinsically valuable than that of a pinto bean—and rightly so!

So what is a true natural ethic? It is not so simple as to treat all lives as equivalent, but I do think you are on the right (cat) track when you include rocks and other inanimate objects as worthy of care. Whatever the true ethic is, it is complex, and I hope that future issues of *Earth First!* will explore it. I propose a few preliminary tenets of this ethic: First of all, the relative "importance" of a creature/object is reflected in the care shown by Nature in creating and preserving it. Bacteria breed like rabbits and most (thank the Goddess) die young. A condor is rare to be hatched, requires a large area of habitat to nurture it, and receives the long and careful attention of its parents to rear it (assuming the parents are not driven balmy by meddling humans). Yosemite Valley took longer to be produced and has been around longer than a snowmobile, so it's worth more.

Secondly, although we must keep in mind that a *slow* rate of extinction is natural, the individual of an endangered species is more valuable than that of a species which is overpopulated, because the individual is carrying a genetic program which has taken billions of years to evolve and may soon be lost forever, along with future genetic programs which might evolve from it. Better to bump off a *Homo sapien* than a Furbish lousewort.

Thirdly, diversity of species is more important than numbers of individual organisms. A climax forest is superior to a corn field. A wide political spectrum of environmental organizations is more powerful than a large number of identical environmental organizations.

Finally—and this is an odd one—I submit that size is a standard of intrinsic value. A whale is not only one life, it is also a colony of billions of living cells working together in harmony, and is therefore more important than a single protozoan. El Capitan is more important than a grain of sand on a beach.

Yours lovingly,
Lois Angeles

(Chim Blea replies: I have to generally agree with Lois' argument. Barbara Dell also presents a strong and sincere argument. Perhaps primitive people did not exclusively eat animals but as far as I can tell from my long ago anthro major they all ate animals whenever they were available—therefore we are natural omnivores. Is it immoral for the puma to eat a deer? Is it immoral for the shark to eat a surfer? Is it immoral for a chimp to eat a baby antelope? Was it immoral for a Neanderthal to eat a reindeer? Was it immoral for a Lakota to eat a buffalo? Is it immoral for an Aruntа to eat a wichiti grub? Regarding the implications of cannibalism: I don't see anything particularly immoral with it—but it is dangerous. It might encourage another hominid to try to eat you and you might pick up parasites and diseases well adapted to you from your prey. (There is a bizarre nerve disease common among cannibals!)

A Philosophical Basis for the Preservation of Real Wilderness

The acceptance of wilderness represents the highest form of human cultural and intellectual evolution. Yet, in order to successfully protect, re-create, and maintain real wilderness, we Earth defenders need to boldly develop, defend, and espouse a truly ecocentric wilderness philosophy. This ecocentric view of wilderness has, thus far, been lacking in the Earth Protection movement. The narrow and dogmatic way in which most of us have viewed America's wildlands must change if we are to succeed in protecting and re-creating a real system of wilderness preserves in America and elsewhere.

I am a wilderness fanatic. I am in love with mountains, deserts, swamps, forests, prairies, and any lands which are unroaded, unpolluted, undeveloped, wild and free. Perhaps these feelings first surfaced during my early youth on camping trips in the wooded Cumberland Mountains of eastern Tennessee. Certainly, my activism in the "environmental movement" sprouted from this simple, yet powerful gut level feeling that wild country was good. Period. I needed no sense of threat or urgency, no arsenal of facts and figures, no analysis of potential resource conflicts, no understanding of ecology. At the age of 8 or 9, all that I needed to know was that there was something inherently good and beautiful about wild country. Now, at the age of 30, this emotional relationship is stronger than ever. Furthermore, I've learned to be proud of these emotions, that emotions and facts can be a powerful combination, and that we must never deny our animal heritage, which somehow, deep inside, ties all of us to wilderness. The beauty and diversity of living systems is good, in and of itself, and needs no excuses or rationalizations.

From my early wide-eyed and wonderful emotionalism evolved a lengthy and intense learning process of ecological laws, factual data concerning resources and their management, and the politics of conservation. A degree in Conservation followed by eight years as a half-starved, broke wilderness activist (OK, so I'm playing the martyr role a bit; I promise not to do it any more) with moderate groups such as Friends of the Earth and the Wyoming Wilderness Association, have armed me with an arsenal of ecological laws, facts, and political insights.

Yet, the one conclusion, above all else, that I've reached, is that we must somehow, and at any cost, maintain the *biological diversity* of this very small, very finite, and very fragile planet. This is not only more important than nations, wars, social issues, recessions, and even Monday Night Football, but it is more important than *everything else!* And the best (but by no means the only) way to protect this living and diverse Biosphere is to maintain large chunks of wild country; Wilderness for the sake of all life on Earth, because it is necessary. And wilderness for its own sake, because it is good.

Over the years, wilderness has been defined in many ways; a state of mind, a piece of country that takes a minimum number of days to walk across, a roadless tract of land untrammelled by man and at least 5,000 acres in size. One could continue. Most of these definitions, unfortunately, tend to define wilderness in anthropocentric terms. If, in the closing decades of the 20th century, we are to succeed in maintaining and re-creating *real* wilderness, this must change.

Aldo Leopold once said that, "Wilderness without wildlife is just scenery." In this profound statement, Leopold was espousing an early, yet truly ecocentric view of wilderness. Leopold realized that the beauty and value of wilderness were, in fact, the beauty and the value of an intricate web of living and non-living things interacting with each other. In other words, Leopold realized that the ultimate beauty is the beauty of a functioning and diverse ecosystem. To the extent that species are eliminated and the ecosystem artificially simplified, the value of a wilderness is correspondingly reduced. We need grizzly bears *and* snail darters; Peregrine falcons *and* mosquitoes. Biological Diversity is the name of the game.

From a practical standpoint, I think it would be helpful for us wild-eyed preservationists to view wilderness on two different levels. The first, of course, is the ideal wilderness. For lack of a better name, I'll simply refer to this kind of wilderness as "Ecological Wilderness." In an Ecological Wilderness, all the native species of wildlife and plant life are present, and populations for each species are large enough to remain viable. Preditor/Prey relationships play their traditional role, there are no roads, developments, domestic livestock, or intensive recreational or scientific uses. The area remains essentially as it was prior to man's arrival, and everything is subordinate to natural, non-human forces. Furthermore, the area must be large enough to assure that natural perturbations and catastrophes can run their course without causing the elimination of species.

THE GRIZZLY DEN

by Howie Wolke

Ecological Wilderness is the goal of Earth First!. The Earth First! platform proposes an Ecological Preserve (Ecological Wilderness) in every major native ecosystem in the United States. Imagine the implications! The extinction of species would virtually screech to a halt. Vast wilderness reservoirs of clean air and water would be maintained. And the maintenance of our portion of the planet's biological diversity would be virtually guaranteed. Ecological Wilderness is the yardstick against which all other lands, including other wildernesses, are to be measured. We must *never* lose sight of this concept, no matter how muddled we might become in the day to day politics of conservation.

On another level, we have wilderness as it has been traditionally preceived by politicians, bureaucrats, and the moderate environmental groups. This is the wilderness that actually exists in 1982. This is the wilderness for which all earth defenders must continue to fight. This is the Gros Ventre, the Desolation Canyon, the Salt Creek, the Bridger, the national parks of the Serengetti. In this category are the "National Wilderness System," state wilderness areas (i.e., the Adirondacks), national park backcountry, Forest Service and BLM roadless areas, etc.

All of these areas fall short of the Ecological Wilderness ideal. Most are still being abused in some way (overgrazing by livestock, recreational overuse/mismanagement, mineral development, etc.). But they are all we have left in most of the world, certainly in the lower 48 states. (Perhaps a handful of areas in the American West approach the Ecological Wilderness ideal.)

The challenge to the environmental movement, including Earth First!, is to protect, maintain, and upgrade these wilderness areas, both for their own inherent value, and so that we can someday begin to use them as building blocks for a real system of Ecological Preserves. Only when we have achieved a much more extensive wilderness system, including an Ecological Wilderness in each native ecosystem, will we have done justice for the Earth.

Next issue, I will begin to discuss the role of the Wilderness Act, the need to dismantle it, and how Earth First! might help to create a real Wilderness System.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor are encouraged. Lengthy letters may be edited for space requirements. Be sure to indicate if you wish your name and location to appear. Send to PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301.

Dear EF!

I heard John Muir speak at Oakdale High School regarding Hetch Hetchy in 1912. He almost cried as he tightened his fists. You're doing an amazingly refreshing job. The powers that be may call you un-American. Mark Twain was called that, in different terms, around the turn of the century, too.

HSS

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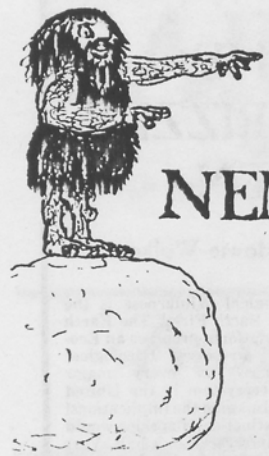
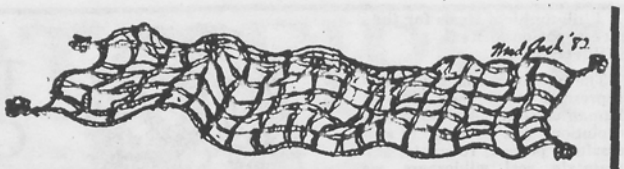




NEMESIS NEWS NET

edited by Bart Koehler

Nuns Go To Prison; Denver, Colorado.

Two Roman Catholic nuns who planted a flag at the Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant were sentenced to six months in jail. Their flag read "Death Factory."

Sisters Pat Mahoney and Ann Nord were convicted of forging government passes and trespassing. At the sentencing, the judge told the pair, "I have high respect for your intelligence and goals. But I disagree with your methods."

"G-O" Road Temporarily Halted; Blue Creek, CA.

A federal judge has ordered postponement of the opening of construction bids for the final section of the controversial Gasquet-Orleans Road. The road, first proposed in 1963, was designed to shorten log-hauling costs for a marginal timber industry.

The road would slash across a critical portion of the proposed "greater Siskiyou Wilderness" and disrupt American Indian religious sites. Earth First! has repeatedly pledged to physically blockade the construction project.

Bids will not be opened until Jan. 14, 1983. Meanwhile, the judge has scheduled a December hearing to consider an injunction on the project.

Timber Industry Gloomy; Berkeley, California.

A report released by the Western Timber Association stated that "the western timber industry is in worse condition today than during the Great Depression of the 1930s—and the situation won't improve soon."

The Association reported that of the 728 sawmills in the West, 140 were closed, and 259 were operating at reduced levels.

"America Must Be Prepared"; Washington, D.C.

Interior Secretary James Watt recently told members of Congress who oppose his offshore drilling plans that "It is much easier to explain to the American people why we have oil rigs off our coasts than it would be to explain to the mothers and fathers of this land why their sons are fighting on the sands of the Middle East—as might be required if the policies of our critics were pursued."

Federal Court Slams RARE II; Eureka, CA.

The 9th Circuit Court of Appeals announced a unanimous decision *that found RARE II to be legally inadequate.* The ruling upheld a lower court decision concerning the State of California versus the Secretary of Agriculture.

This major legal victory sheds new light on the RARE II process, and will undoubtedly cause a stir in Congress.

The Great White Hunter; Washington, D.C.

No, it's not Watt. This time it is G. Ray Arnett, the Assistant Secretary of Interior for Fish & Wildlife. According to recent reports, Arnett favors transferring the management of the winter refuge for the endangered Whooping Cranes to the state of Texas. Texas wants to open part of the refuge to commercial development. He also supports the efforts of New Mexican ranchers who want to kill mountain lions in Carlsbad Caverns and Gualalupe Mountains National Parks.

"Bombs Away" over Desert Refuges?; Why, Arizona.

The Reagan Administration wants to hand over to the U.S. Air Force the sole jurisdiction for the Desert National Wildlife Range in Nevada, and Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge in Arizona. Currently, portions of these areas are under military control.

The Desert Wildlife Range is famous for its desert bighorn sheep populations, and the Cabeza Prieta is the home of the endangered Sonoran pronghorn, desert bighorns, and Gila monsters.

The Reagan-Watt-Air Force contingent claims that these refuges are wastelands, and that they should be used for increased air-to-ground rocket practice and for the detonation of anti-personnel bombs called "butterfly bombs." Each "butterfly" has hundreds of delayed action devices that explode for years after delivered.

These "butterflies" would be lethal to bighorns, pronghorns, Gila monsters, desert kit foxes, and unsuspecting hikers.

Tibbetts Tossed Out! Moab, Utah.

In a close contest on Election Day, Grand County voters refused to re-elect Ray Tibbetts to the County Commission. Tibbetts, an outspoken cheerleader for the proposed Nuke Waste Dump near Canyonlands National Park, was defeated by 47 votes.

The new Commissioner, Barbara Ing, is viewed as a great improvement. (Good luck, Ray—we'll miss your colorful comments!)

Texas Bans "Rock and Roll Beer"; Austin, Texas.

The Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission outlawed the sale of this new beer because the man on the label says, "I sold my soul to Rock and Roll."

Members of the Commission decreed that the label's message was false advertising since the company had no means of proving that the label's fictitious character, "Johnny Longshot," really had sold his soul.

Electric Companies Paranoid About Ecotage; Denver, Colorado.

Following a very good article in the *Rocky Mountain News* (Oct. 17, 1982) on Ecotage/Monkeywrenching which mentioned Earth First!, the Public Service Company of Colorado and the Edison Electic Institute sent out copies of the article and memos to other power companies warning about such threats. The PSC/Colorado memo stated in part:

As a follow-up on...(the) presentation at the Minneapolis meeting on the sabotage or "ecotage" of the British Columbia Hydro Substation, I recommend that you send a copy of this article to the members of the EEI Security Committee.

It appears that the use of the word "ecotage" instead of sabotage has two purposes. First, to soften the reality of violence for the conservative members of their own group. Second, to lay a legal defense base if they are apprehended. Such a defense claim would be the "lesser of evils" doctrine which was used with surprising success in some cases during the Vietnam era.

Sounds like someone is getting someone's attention.

Women and Environment; Oakland, California.

Comucrions, an international women's quarterly based on translations from the international press, has announced the publication of their latest issue focusing on women organizing to direct environmental change—From the Ground Up. The issue will include:

- Japanese women's anti-war activities
- Organizing against nuclear testing in the Pacific
- Women, water and fuel in India and Zambia
- English women campaigning against the Cruise
- Community protest in Sweden against uranium mining

Postpaid copies of issue #6 of *Comucrions* are available at $3.50 each. A year's subscription is available for $10. Write *Comucrions*, 4228 Telegraph Ave., Oakland Ave., CA 94609

Ghastly Sale and Sagebrush Control; Wolf, Wyoming.

Sometimes Forest Service actions speak for themselves. The Ghastly Timber Sale has been offered for bid by the Bighorn National Forest. The 4.8 million board foot sale is a deficit sale—what else?

Bridger/Teton National Forest Supervisor Reid Jackson is after Sagebrush control, by controlled burning, on 200 acres of forest land. Mr. Jackson has been trying to control sagebrush for years. (Artemesia Tridentata Juanito has not been in the area since the 4th of July Round River Rendezvous.)

Will Wayne Newton Rape the River of No Return?

Just picture it: You have paid only $20,000 to be a member of the Shepp Ranch Resort Club. You have your own hideaway. On a good weekend, 500 other beautiful members can share paradise with you.

You can thank Wayne Newton. He wants to bring the "good life" to Idaho. His proposed $10.5 million expansion will include tennis courts, hot tubs, racquetball courts, heated swimming pool, and 35 condominium-style living units.

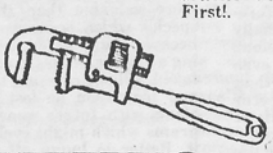
Look out your picture window and behold the wilderness. The Gospel-Hump Wilderness is to the north and west. To the south and east is the magnificent River of No Return Wilderness. This ain't no Idaho Spud Farm, this is a view of heaven.

Look again. This once rustic ranch will be transformed into something out of a Frankenstein movie—all thanks to Wayne Newton. Newton, the singing darling of Ronald Reagan. Newton, the sequined fool of Las Vegas. Wayne Newton is proposing a terminal cancer in the gut of this wild country.

Look once again. Earth First! will be standing guard at Shepp Ranch to see that Wayne's cancer does not grown.

Earth First! is now developing plans to insure that Shepp Ranch is *not* developed beyond its present rustic level. We will not allow Wayne Newton to put a civilized corset around these wild and untamed lands as he does to his punchinello form before his performances. If necessary, Earth First! will march to Shepp Ranch to stop Newton's plans.

—B.K. & D.F.



Primate Centers Action

While our humanistic civilization would never dream of experimenting on human beings, we blissfully aid arrogantly go on torturing and mutilating our fellow species in the guise of science and medicine. Mobilization for Animals is a coalition dedicated to initiating a direct action campaign to free all animals from exploitation and suffering. They are developing a grass roots organizing network and building for simultaneous mass demonstrations at primate centers in Boston, Madison and Davis on April 24, 1983. These are facilities which inflict pain and death on primates, dogs, cats and other animals. It seems certain that these actions will be the largest, most visible activities in the history of animal work in our nation. But help is needed. To bring this blood-drenched age to a close, contact: Richard Morgan POB 337 Jonesboro, TN 37659 (615) 928-9419.

Third World Preservation

Indonesia has just announced a plan to set aside 5% of the nation's land area—over 10 million hectares—in parks and nature reserves. Brazil just set aside several conservation areas including one of 22,000 square kilometers. What's going on here? Has Earth First! gone international? Has deep ecology been written into the constitutions of Third World nations?

Not yet, but among other things, the governments of the above nations have discovered there is money in intact nature, in the form of germ plasm and biological resources for drugs and new cultivars. Who cares about the motivation as long as the end is achieved? Maybe Reagan will embrace our proposals—not to be outdone by a bunch of heathens.

—*Don Schwartzenegger*

Earth First! in the News

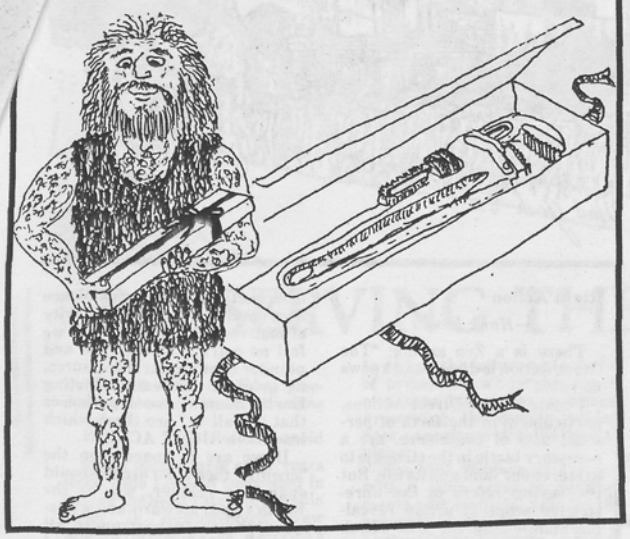
Thanks to Yates Petroleum Company, Earth First! received a good deal of national media coverage for our actions in helping to defend the Salt Creek Wilderness of New Mexico in November. If you clipped any articles mentioning EF!, we'd appreciate it if you'd send us copies here in Ely. As well as newspaper and TV coverage, there was a brief article in *Newsweek* (Nov. 22, 1982) which featured the EF! logo.

Media in New Mexico gave the Bisti rally good coverage late in November. In October, *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver had a very good article on monkeywrenching which had a sidebar discussing the Earth First! stance on the subject and Pete Dustrud's resignation as *EF!* editor. The Montana media gave very good coverage of the EF! proposal for a Lee Metcalf National Preserve.

Notwithstanding this growing media attention, the big story is the Dec/Jan issue of *Outside* which is available now. Its lead feature article by Stewart McBride is "The REAL Monkeywrench Gang" profiling Earth First!. It is an excellent article and we appreciate the care and interest Stewart and the editors of *Outside* took in preparing it.

We would appreciate receiving copies of any news reports or articles which mention Earth First!.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS



Editorial: Earth First! in Australia

Along with the report from John Seed which we proudly feature in this issue came a 54-minute documentary tape of the rain forest action. It is professionally done. The music is superb. But it is the emotion, the commitment, the inspiration that floors you when you listen to it. Our sisters and brothers of Earth First! in Australia are several years ahead of us in the experience of direct action to save wilderness. We can learn much from them. We can be inspired by their courage, by their love for the Earth. We can be proud that the Earth First! flag flew at the Nightcap.

The Nightcap Rainforest tape is available for only $10 (sent airmail) from the Rainforest Information Centre, Box 368, Lismore 2480, New South Wales, Australia. I urge you to send for it. Not only will it inform you on what is happening half a world away, how we are not alone in our commitment, but it will inspire you for the work we face in the United States next year. (And it is outstanding music!)

We hope to continue to stretch our hands across the Pacific and will be bringing you continuing reports of the struggle for Earth Down Under.

—Dave Foreman

ON THE ROAD AGAIN—The Earth First! Road Show with Johnny Sagebrush, Cecilia Ostrow, Dave Foreman and the "Cracking of Glen Canyon Damn" movie will tour the West Coast the last two weeks of January.

Gentlemen:

Would you please take Mr. Turnage's name off of your mailing list. Thank you.

Pam Barnett
Special Assistant to
Bill Turnage, Exec. Director
The Wilderness Society

To the Editor:

I regretted to hear of the departure of the former editor over the question of monkeywrench tactics.

Nevertheless, EF! should never renounce its position concerning ecosabotage, etc. While EF! must obviously refrain from participating in monkeywrenching as a group, we need an organization to give active, precise, and encouraging information on ecotage. Let the actual events occur as they may, all across the country, by individuals and groups of twos and threes.

We are essentially in a state of war with industrial capitalism. Destruction of a few of the more evil manifestations might have quite positive effects for humans and other life forms.

It's hard to buy Gary Snyder's assertion in a recent issue that all machines, materials, etc. are worthy of respect. Why should we respect plutonium rather than knocking down a few testing towers and other facilities in an effort to halt nuclear expansion? What is so respectable about plastic broom handles, cigarette billboards, toxic chemicals, forest herbicides, condominiums on a pristine lake, coyote poisons, etc.?

Indeed, those few who are actually willing and able to put their bodies on the line in the struggle against these destructive elements should be honored. We're not simply playing amusing games—the impacts of industrialism pose a myriad of disasters for the general environment and human life as well. Understanding this, it becomes obvious that some well-placed monkeywrenching has its benefits.

Regarding the rendezvous—by all means continue them. I missed this summer's but am anxious to make one in the future. Meanwhile, keep the newsletters coming, complete with helpful hints from Ned Ludd.

In peace and earth,
Tom Galazen

Dear editor,

The other day I was sitting down with some communist environmental scum friends of mine to a rousing game of Pac Man and discussing the miserable state of the world and just generally having a good time and drinking some beers when someone says, "Hey, environmentalists can't play Pac Man!"

"Buy why?" I wondered. Does EF! officially oppose video games or do just a few who have other perversions too weird to talk about oppose them?

I submit that it is not very important if you do or don't play video games. It does less harm to the environment than hiking across an alpine meadow and personally I like blowing up alien spaceships who would invade our planet and turn us into a Martian energy colony!

—Nagasaki Johnson.

Dear *EF!*,

OK you guys, I was there when Francisco beat Howie armwrestling, but you got it all wrong! Francisco weighed at least 150 pounds and had biceps shaped like the Tetons, and just as solid, for chrissakes! And Howie weighs in at a lean and mean 195, not the porky 220 claimed in your Samhain issue. This is not to mention that Howie had just spent a whole winter laid up with a back injury and was exhausted from a drinking bout the night before. He still whipped Francisco with his left arm (how come you left that out?). Aside from this, your publication is great, especially *Dear Ned Ludd*.

—Gregorio Macho
Sonora, Mexico

Letters continued on Page 7

DEEP ECOLOGY: AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW

by John Martin
Victoria, Australia

The deep ecologist and his historic role are far deeper and wider than that which Marx assigned to his proletariat. By inner discipline and outer action. . .

He must be the most archaic and the most modern of men. His range of responsibility is awesome; from boycotting a fast food gian on the groups of its profligate waste to putting himself before a bulldozer brought in to kill a rainforest.

He has a role he will never perform well. The best will fail because this is a world so sadly out of joint that the greatest physical and mental strivings will not be enough. To restore balance, to centre, to touch the breaming, to allow the suppressed Tao to emerge again, will belong to those who follow us.

Our role is a far more humble one. To become aware, to begin to heal, to start to question. To be merely the shifters of furniture and props on a stage. To allow the actors of the future their roles in a theatre we have properly prepared for them.

"I came to the woods to live deliberately," said Henry David Thoreau. So the life he was leaving—urban life—was one that led to in-deliberation. Distraction. Separation from cosmic roots. The deep ecologist is one whose roots go deep. The only way to solve the energy crisis is to give up energy. Eliminate waste, stop doing what we do not need to do, stop using what we do not want. To all touch the earth—lightly, gently.

We will draw theoretical support from Thoreau, but also from Gary Snyder, Blake, Wordsworth, Keats, Lao Tzu. Buddhism, aboriginal religions.

We will search the works of history and anthropology for accounts of cultures or periods that achieved a more harmonious balance between Nature and Man than we.

Levis-Strauss, commenting on the work of Rousseau, felt that what we now call the neolithic era was one such period. "During the neolithic age, Man put himself beyond the reach of cold and hunger; he acquired leisure to think; and although he was more or less at the mercy of disease it is not certain that our advances in the field of hygiene have done more than transfer to other mechanisms the responsibility of demographic equilibrium; the epidemics which contributed to that equilibrium were no more dreadful than the famines and wars of extermination which later took their place."

In that myth-minded age, Man was no more free than he is today; but it was his humanness alone which kept him enslaved. As he had only a very restricted control over Nature he was protected and to a certain extent emancipated, by the protective cushion of his dreams. As and when these dreams turned into knowledge, so did Man's power increase; this gave us. . .the "upper hand" over the universe, and we still take an immense pride in it. But what is it, in reality, if not the subjective awareness that humanity is being "progressively more sundered from the physical universe?"

What are our needs? What makes us truly happy? Are not our needs relatively few and simple? Why do we not see this?

The deep ecologist must be religious, spiritual. As Gary Snyder said, it is not enough that we *should* love but that we *do* love. We have no other choice. We have to become intelligent—fast. We need great courage and faith.

At Lismore College of Advanced Education I noticed the attractive wall charts of Australian birds and mammals. Display stuff. This has been the trouble with the conservation movement so far. We have relied too much on raising awareness through chart and print alone. It has become bland and pretty. We need to be FOR NATURE! Let the inner voice out and let it speak in terms of committed action based on a deep awareness of the awesome

What qualities in the Australian character can we draw upon? First, our innocence. We are fluid stuff. Our bold eye can reflect more than sea. Than our practice. If we can build a wattle and daub hut, we can fence around a river red gum. We as a nation have never been challenged. NOW! NOW!

At the risk of misunderstanding, the "deep ecologist" is opposed to the "shallow ecologist" in that the former swims freely in and outside the waters of scientific method. He realizes that the scientific method is but a tool, often a very precise and narrow one, to account for the sublime mystery and power of Nature. The deep ecologist is not dismissive of scientific method but pays attention to the likes of Thomas Kuhn who argued that science can never be an ultimate path to knowledge, but is rather a framework by which we get a pin on the world. Good reading is Koestler's *Sleepwalkers* and Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* and *The Copernican Revolution*.

The deep ecologist, as well as understanding relationships between living organisms in terms of science alone, also wants to feel those relationships through blood, wants to feel responsible for any actions that impair the environment, desires to listen to the silence of the land and the messages that lie buried beneath the concrete toys of urban man.

It is difficult to write because the words have to be forged in the smithy of the new consciousness. We are involved in a shift of Consciousness at least as profound as that experienced in the societies of ancient Greece and 16th century Europe. We are Bacons and the Hobbes of the new age.

Dear Dave,

Thanks for *Earth First!* What a great mag! Yes—let's exchange publications. Earth First! needs some pushing over here and I'll do it. A lot of us here feel the same as you—we're sick of accomodating the rough industrial monster slugging its path over Mother Earth. Reagan talks about Counter-force. So must we. Confront *head-on* this 300 year old aberration in Western thinking with our own deeper, older, more powerful vision of Ourselves/Nature. We're getting together Australia's first Deep Ecology conference next year. Will keep you posted.

For Nature!

John Martin
Australia

(ED. NOTE: See John Martin's powerful essay on Deep Ecology in this issue. He publishes a fine newsletter for Australia "The Deep Ecologist" from 52 Webster St. Ballarat, Victoria 3350 Australia.)

DEAR NED LUDD

Closing Roads
by Hank Fonda

continued from Samhain

Wooden bridges are vulnerable and a major effort to replace. They can be burned, but it takes more than a can of kerosene and a match. A huge pile of dry firewood must be heaped up under the load carrying timbers to sustain a hot enough fire for long enough to burn a soggy old bridge. Fill the available dry area under the bridge, or crib up a log platform covered with dirt/sand/rock on which to lay the fire. Several armloads of small stuff, topped with progressively larger limbs and finally logs should be crammed right to the underside of the timbers. After the small stuff burns a little and the fire collapses you should stoke it with big limbs and logs, and stuff the openings with branches. Then you can walk away confident of the results.

You can also saw through bridge timbers from the underside with a chain, bow, or cross-cut saw. It is hard to avoid hitting nails; seems like a self-sharpening chain-saw would be the thing for this. If noise is a problem the bow-saw blade is thin and cuts easily when sharp; it can be quickly changed when dulled, and a few drops of kerosene will make it cut easily in resinous or creosoted wood.

Perhaps the best way to cut a road is to find the place(s) it is trying to slip off down the slope anyway. Clay slopes often do this, as do fractured rocks bedded at a steep angle. On the rocky slopes a spud bar and gravity should help you to undercut the roadbed. This is especially effective on tight, outside curves and steep slopes; don't bother to dig off the entire width of the road, just the outside

While clay slopes can be dug off too, there is an easier method in some places. With practice you can spot a slope that is trying to slide off: The shoulder of the road will be cracked and slipped in a series of step-downs. If there is water on the inside (uphill) side of the road, stop up the drainage so that the ground becomes soggy. Dig holes to help the water penetrate the subsoil, and once the clay becomes saturated it will slide.

Another excellent way to close a road is to hang a cable across it. Often cables are looped around trees, but that may result in someone sawing the tree at either end of the cable. So the best way to anchor a cable is to immovable rock. Cutting across the road at weird angles is fine, but if the cable gets too long it may be propped up and driven under. Cable of a suitable size (1/2"#) is heavy, so you want to measure carefully and only pack in the amount you need. . .and certainly no less. A tape-mark on a climbing rope is one way. To carry a piece of cable in a regular pack, wrap to prevent damage and coil to fit. But the best way to carry it is on an army surplus packboard, wrapped in anything appropriate for visual security on the walk in.

The main criteria for placement of a cable (other than not being able to drive around the ends) is the availability of at least one rock "horn" or formation which allows you to just loop around it, and (once fastened at the other end) the cable can't be lifted off. If you find an especially favorable site, where you can loop both ends, all you need is the cable and clips. After you make the loop, pull slack out and tighten the clip, then hammer the ends of the bolts that tighten the clip, so that they can't be loosened. In most cases you will need to prepare anchor points at one or both ends. The best time to do this is when you choose the spot, and before you cut the cable to pack it in. That way, if a proposed anchor point proves not to be feasible you haven't carried in a cable that won't work.

To make the hole for an anchor you will need a "star drill" 1/2" in diameter and at least 12" long, which can be bought in any good hardware store. Use a rock hammer to hit the blunt end (the cutting end will look like a Phillips' screwdriver tip) as if driving a nail, rotating the drill 45 degrees between blows. Try drilling out a crack, fault, or weak point surrounded by good rock. The hole should be as deep as required by the hardware you choose, or about six inches deep for direct grouting of the cable end. Several kinds of expansion/shield bolts are sold for setting into 1/2" holes in masonry; for instance, cast iron pipe is hung under concrete slabs by setting bolts in such holes. So get what is cheap, available, and easy to work with, provided that it will accept an "eye" bolt big enough to pass the cable through and it can't be removed once the cable is fastened at both ends.

Another way is to set the cable end directly into the hole with epoxy grout; if you do this, you can sometimes use a natural crack or hole and wedges which are cut off flush after the grout dries. Keep tension off the cable while the grout dries; you can use a light wire to take the pull off the end being set, or (if grouting only one end) fasten the other end another day.

You can buy cable cheaply in a salvage yard, and especially in yards that deal in marine salvage. I have gotten as much as 600' of 5/8" cable free by asking a crane operator for it when they were changing a cable. Try going to a few high-rise construction sites and asking the crane operator for the old cable when they change and offer him something to sweeten the deal so he'll go to the trouble to call you. They will probably load it in a pickup for you. There are opportunities for the creative disassembly of equipment that is being used to destroy the Earth and uses cable, like cranes and draglines. If you can't think of any better reason you want the cable, you can tell them you are building a suspension bridge at your summer place, homestead, etc. . . . You can buy a device (called a "cable-cutter") at a hardware store that holds the cable securely under a cutter-blade that you then hit with a sledge hammer. Or you can cut it with a torch, which fuses the ends and makes a neat job. A cutting torch is easy to learn to use just by reading such pamphlets as are usually available in welding supply stores. Welding, or *joining* metals, is a whole craft and field of study, but cutting is easy, and safe if the instructions are followed. Cutting torch kits for hobbyists and artists are cheap and often available in flea markets. A cutting torch is a very important tool of environmental resistance, needed wherever heavy metal has to be cut quickly. Hang the appropriate National Forest/Parks, BLM, etc. sign (neatly mounted on a board) from the cable and who'll know the difference?

Dear *Earth First!*

I would like to say a little something about your "entertaining" article on road spiking. I can understand why someone might use such a device to protect our national forests and desert wilderness areas from destruction at the hands of corporate profit takers. But I hope folks reading your article don't start placing such lethal instruments on traditional jeep trails (authorized trails within national parks or old mining roads on BLM land, etc). Believe it or not there are people who care about the outback and its wild inhabitants who also happen to travel in four-wheel vehicles. We stay on the road, we drive slow, watching for animals and reptiles, and so we won't damage our vehicle, and we don't throw beer cans out the window like the residents of Moab who travel the Hurrah Pass 4x4 trail (in fact, we stop and pick them up).

The trail bikers and off-road racers who really tear up the countryside don't bother to stay on the dirt roads. A spike on a jeep trail in a remote desert area could cause a serious mishap with potentially fatal consequences. Remember: Hayduke drives a jeep.

—Shorty Toyota

KAYAK, PADDLE, OR RAFT THE GRAND CANYON
(or other rivers)
AND HELP SAVE THE COLORADO!
Write:
FOR—Southwest
Box 1115
Flagstaff, AZ 86002
Commercially-operated and licensed raft/paddle trips and Kayak support on Grand Canyon, Cataract, Green, San Juan, Dolores, AT SPECIAL LOW PRICES, AS BENEFIT to *FRIENDS OF THE RIVER*, in its effort to protect the Colorado, from "peaking power" and other energy development.

Right Action

—Hank Fonda

There is a Zen saying: "The Great Action is direct, and knows no rules."

I contend that Direct Actions, particularly in the form of personal acts of conscience, are a necessary tactic in the struggle to preserve our land and its life. But the saying refers to the unrestricted scope of action revealing/manifesting the One Mind. There ARE rules that WE must scrupulously adhere to in our acts of conscience, so that our works will benefit the Earth AND our karma.

The primary rule is *Nonviolence to Life*: Not intentionally taking life, even of those who despoil our Earth and ravage our bodies with their poisons. This does not mean that we can never defend ourselves, which is both fitting and proper. Since pusillanimous people often use Gandhi as an excuse for their passivity, we should listen to what he actually said: . . .it is unmanly, unnatural, and dishonorable to forsake duty and, in order to save one's skin, to leave property, honor, or religion to the mercy of the wrongdoer. . . .I do believe that where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence." But we do not need to take life to defend the Earth; impoverishment is an instructive reward for the greedy, who do these evil things for money.

All action should grow out of the needs of the earth and our pure and compassionate desire to preserve life. Adherence to these "rules" of nonviolence and purity distinguishes *right* from merely *direct* action. Just as nonviolence does not mean nondefense, purity of motive does not mean that we feel no outrage at the rape and plunder of our natural treasures, no grief at the death afflicting Earth. Some of the experiences that "befall us" are those which lead us to RIGHT ACTION.

If we are to spare even the "enemy," then *right action* should spare the resister, who is the Earth's good steward and a precious resource in the struggle. All acts should be conceived and carried out with prudence, enabling one to escape any foreseeable reaction by the repressive forces. Unfortunately there is no shortage of crimes against nature which merit exemplary action, therefore at first we ought to concentrate on safe targets of opportunity.

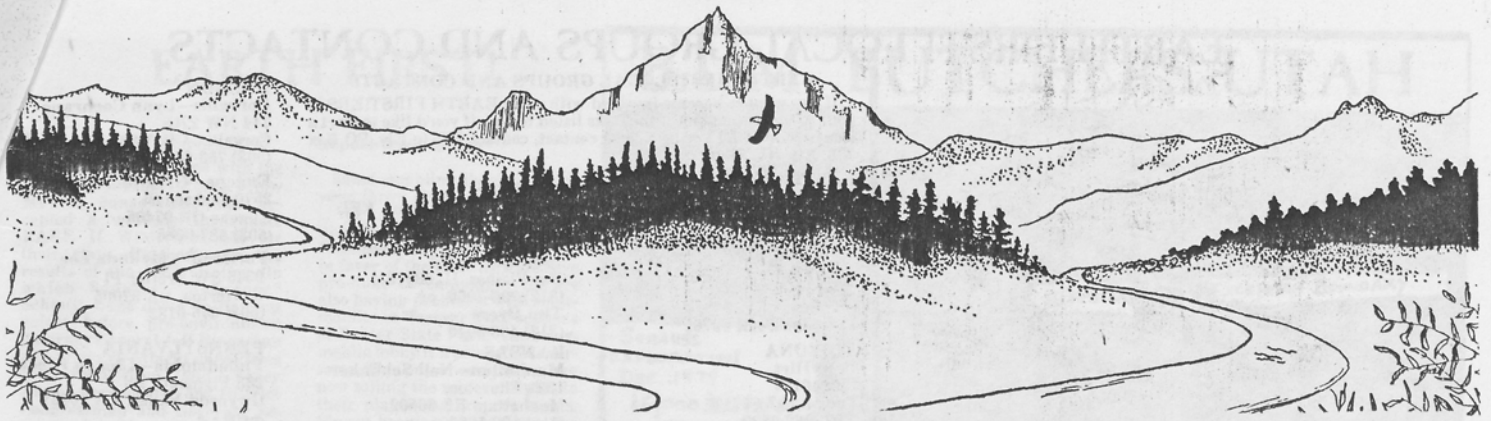
An important consideration is that actions should strike to the heart of, and bear a logical relationship to, the offense and/or the means by which it is committed. Acts against misused corporate property will probably arouse less hostility than those against "personal" property, but some anti-social acts by individuals are too serious to ignore. We must accept the fact that we will not soon win the hearts and minds of the masses and classes; we will be on the fringe for the foreseeable future. It is the nature of an act of conscience that it goes beyond the "accepted" values of a society, and it is weakness for us to seek approval from the people of the death culture. We know what needs to be done; there are already enough of us; and as we prepare ourselves, "they" keep adding to our numbers.

GANDHI ON VIOLENCE

The people of a village near Bettiah told me that they had run away whilst the police were looting their houses and molesting their womenfolk. When they said that they had run away because I had told them to be nonviolent, I hung my head in shame. I assured them that such was not the meaning of my non-violence. I expected them to intercept the mightiest power that might be in the act of harming those who were under their protection, and draw without retaliation all harm upon their own heads even to the point of death, but never to run away from the storm center. It was manly enough to defend one's property, honor or religion at the point of the sword. It was manlier and nobler to defend them without seeking to injure the wrongdoer. But it was unmanly, unnatural and dishonorable to forsake the post of duty and, in order to save one's skin, to leave property, honor or religion to the mercy of the wrongdoer. I could see my way of delivering the message of nonviolence to those who knew how to die, not to those who were afraid of death.

I do believe that, where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence. I would rather have India resort to arms in order to defend her honor than that she should, in a cowardly manner, become or remain a helpless witness to her own dishonor. But I believe that nonviolence is infinitely superior to violence, forgiveness is more manly than punishment. . . . Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will.

The weakest of us physically must be taught the art of facing dangers and giving a good account of ourselves. I want both the Hindus and the Mussalmans to cultivate the cool courage, to die without killing. But if one has not that courage, I want him to cultivate the art of killing and being killed, rather than in a cowardly manner to flee from danger.



PRESERVING THE WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE

by Dave Foreman

Of what value are forty freedoms without a blank spot on the map?

—Aldo Leopold

It has been nearly sixty years since Aldo Leopold succeeded in having the headwaters of the Gila River in southwestern New Mexico protected as America's (and the world's) first Wilderness Area. In the two decades following the designation of the Gila Wilderness most of the land protected as Wilderness Areas today in the lower 48 states was similarly set aside by the Forest Service. The early advocates of wilderness preservation initially saw Wilderness Areas as places for quality (non-motorized) outdoor recreation; for hunting, fishing, and packtrips; as opportunities to relive the pioneer experience; as testing grounds for the traditional American *virtues* of hardihood, self-reliance, and courage. They believed with George S. Evans, writing in 1904 (and in admittedly sexist terms, but it was *1904*), that, "The wilderness will take hold of you. It will give you good red blood. It will make you a man."

We recognize today that the primary value of wilderness is not as a proving ground for young Huck Finns and Annie Oakleys. It is to preserve wilderness for its own sake, to allow some place on this human-dominated Earth for the free play of natural forces, to let things alone. But preserving a quality wilderness experience for the human visitor, letting her or him flex some Paleolithic muscles or seek visions, remains a tremendously important secondary purpose.

The agencies in charge of our Wilderness Areas have not done a noteworthy job on either of these accounts. My purpose here is not to go into the failure and solution of preserving wilderness for its own sake but rather to discuss preserving the quality wilderness experience for the human visitor.

The 1964 Wilderness Act permits a wide array of developments and artificial aids for the convenience of visitors in Wilderness Areas. These include constructed and maintained foot and pack trails, trail signs, detailed maps and brochures, the use of motorized equipment for search and rescue, and even permanent fire rings, primitive privies, boat docks, culverts, bridges, and spring developments in some cases. Most hikers and packers want and expect some of these artificial aids to their wilderness experience. But the failing of the Forest Service and other agencies is in not recognizing that a diversity of opportunity is needed. There are some of us wanting to test our bodies and minds against *real* wilderness, who are offended by even infrequently maintained foot trails and bear-clawed rustic signs. Not all Wilderness Areas should be managed for the same "easy" wilderness experience. Not all parts of individual Wilderness Areas should be managed to provide equal ease of travel or safety. What is needed is a range of management options providing good trails and all the trimmings in places like Yosemite and the Sandia Mountains to something approximating pre-European America in our more remote and less-frequented areas. This would be true wilderness where, as Marshall observed, ". . .if a person is not qualified to satisfy all the requirements of existence, then he is bound to perish."

A suggested management scheme for these "primeval" areas would include:

• **No Trails**—No new trails would be constructed. Existing trails would receive no further maintenance and would be allowed to deteriorate. If necessary to prevent erosion, some trails could be put to bed. Routes through the wilderness would be kept open only by the passage of visitors or wildlife. New blazing would be prohibited.

• **No Signs**—No trail signs, mileage markers, or location signs would be allowed anywhere in the wilderness. At entry points no mileage signs would be permitted; only a sign identifying the wilderness boundary and explaining that the visitor was entering a Primeval Wilderness.

• **No Facilities**—No boat docks, hardened campsites, hitching racks, etc. would be permitted. Fire towers, administrative cabins, fences, etc. would be removed or allowed to deteriorate. Visitors would be under strict requirements to practice "invisible camping" (obliterating fire rings, no cutting of vegetation, no ditching around tents, no littering, etc.).

• **No Maps**—The managing agency would print no maps or brochures for the area. The U.S. Geological Survey would discontinue printing and distributing topographic maps for the area. On maps covering a larger area (i.e., a map of a National Forest) the portion in the Primeval Wilderness would be completely blank with no topographic features (streams, ridges, peaks) shown. Visitors would be encouraged not to carry old maps of the area with them. In very densely forested country rough hand-drawn maps could possibly be permitted.

• **No Guides**—Commercial guide and outfitting services would not be permitted. Visitors would have to go in on their own and confront the wilderness with only their skills and knowledge.

• **Primitive Hunting**—Hunting would be permitted with only primitive weapons (bow and arrow, atl-atl, knife, sharp rock). Artificial stocking of fish would not be permitted.

• **No Rescue**—A visitor to a Primeval Wilderness would be required to rely on her or his own resources for survival. No organized or mechanized search and rescue operations would be allowed in a Primeval Wilderness. If you break a leg, you crawl out, have your friends tote you out on their backs, or die. John Colter didn't have helicopters to pull him out of Blackfoot country. (He walked 300 miles naked back to Lisa's Fort.)

• **No Modern Equipment**—Perhaps in some of these areas, even modern backpacking equipment (stoves, synthetic materials, aluminum pack frames, etc.) could be prohibited.

The majority of areas in the National Wilderness Preservation System probably should not be managed in this way, but a few should be in order to provide that ultimate primeval wilderness experience for those who desire it. Among the areas that might be suitable for this type of management are the Aldo Leopold Wilderness in the Gila National Forest of New Mexico, the Cabeza Prieta Game Range in Arizona, the Dead Horse Mountains section of Big Bend National Park in Texas, Olympic or North Cascades National Parks in Washington, the Mazatzal Wilderness in the Tonto National Forest of Arizona, the Desert Game Range in Nevada, the complex consisting of the northeast corner of Yellowstone National Park and the North Absaroka Wilderness in Wyoming, and the Maze District of Canyonlands National Park in Utah. These areas currently attract few visitors, their trails are generally in poor condition (Olympic and North Cascades are exceptions), and they are very wild.

Many areas which the Bureau of Land Management is studying for wilderness designation would be suitable for Primeval Wilderness management (Black Rock Desert in Nevada, Alvord Desert in Oregon, Dark Canyon in Utah, Warm Springs in Arizona, Saline Range in California, El Malpais in New Mexico, and Great Rift in Idaho). These BLM areas essentially have no constructed trails or visitor facilities. There also should be some wild rivers where the river runner could experience this same degree of adventure. Possible candidates are the Lower Canyons of the Rio Grande in Texas, the upper Owyhee in Idaho and Oregon, Desolation Canyon in Utah, and the Selway in Idaho. Several of the large new wildernesses and wild rivers in Alaska are obvious possibilities. Finally, portions of some large Wilderness Areas like the River Of No Return in Idaho, Boundary Waters in Minnesota or Everglades in Florida could be managed as Primeval Wilderness while the rest of the area would be normally managed.

In 1930, Bob Marshall wrote that wilderness should provide an "opportunity for complete self-sufficiency." It's about time we put that philosophy into effect and had some real wilderness instead of just recreation parks for backpackers and horse parties.

Letters continued

Dear *EF!*

Being an active wilderness supporter, militant environmentalist, Earth First! supporter, and Mother Earth protector, I have been excited by and supportive of the EF! movement and journal. Your November issue was very well done. I enjoyed the new layout and was extremely pleased with the contents, articles, and vital information. However, I ws disappointed by a section of the "Nemesis News Net" entitled "Video Games Unplugged." I really feel *EF!* is stepping out of its bounds when it urges an anti-video game movement. Being fond of Vidouts, I find this suggestion very upsetting. Hell, the games are the best thing I can find on my tube. (Maybe someone will come up with a Wrench-the-Teeth-out-of-Watt cartridge next!).

Video games are a nondestructive method of entertainment which certainly does not harm Mother Earth. I strongly urge EF! to reconsider their stand on Vidouts. Regardless, I will continue to support the EF! Journal and movement. Keep up the good work.

—T.B. Webster
Santa Fe, NM

Dear Folks,

Please resubscribe me. Enclosed are mass quantities of real money. Basically this great outflow of *dinero* is in response to your 9/21 issue. Ned Ludd lives (and thank God and Abbey). You folks sure have come a long way since your first issue. By the way, I got to meet James Watt when he was here at our BLM office. Everyone who wasn't against him before is against him now. He doesn't smile at all when he's away from the cameras and the big shots. He treated the hard-working little people here like shit. My boss knows how I feel (he's the same, just more conservative) and he warned me to keep my mouth shut. The "Dump Watt" button had to go in the drawer.

Somewhere in the West

Dear *EF!*

Is it permissable to use the name Earth First! for our activities? How about an Earth First! rubber stamp? Or if it's okay with you, I'll take the logo down to our local print shop and have some letterhead made up.

A growing Rainbow Warrior

(ED. NOTE: Local EF! groups are certainly encouraged to use the name "Earth First!" and to print up letterhead, etc.)

Dear EF!

I've been wanting to tell you for over a year how much your organization means to me and other *environmentalists. Your commitment* to stand up tenaciously for what you believe to be right without apology or defensiveness is absolutely necessary and truly inspirational and one of the few things worthy of admiration in America today. As a former full-time environmentalist who is now in a seminary and hoping to be ordained, your example has challenged me to seek the right way, and not to compromise, on issues of faith or the environment. Thank you for your courage and for caring.

N.C.
Connecticut

LATE NOTE:

Dave Foreman has received the required number of signatures to run for the Sierra Club National Board of Directors. Thanks to all of you who signed the petition!

Dear *EF!*

Comments on my first issue: I loved it. I haven't laughed so hard in a long time! Great for Reaganistic depression. In *Audubon* magazine I once read that a local group of said organization had had an oil well drilled on a refuge of their's. The editor was congratulating them for this new source of funds. I thought perhaps something was wrong with me because I felt ill in the stomach area and everyone else cheered them (even if they did it cleanly). But at last an environmental group with radical Earth love often apparent only in my Native American Newsletter and in personal writer's ramblings. Bravo! And keep up the good work! Tell Ed Abbey he's my idol!

Meri Kuehn
Wisconsin

EARTH FIRST! LOCAL GROUPS AND CONTACTS

Oregon's Kalmiopsis Country is in Trouble

Ed. Note: While the Kalmiopsis Wilderness contains only 169,000 acres, there is (or recently was) over 400,000 acres of contiguous roadless country in the unit. But most of this marvelously diverse wilderness, outside of the designated area, will be destroyed by the United States Forest Service if we don't act soon. We recently received the appeal below from someone in the Siskiyou National Forest. We are investigating it and urge EFIers in Oregon to check it out as well so we can plan some kind of action.

Dear Earth First!

Please print this letter of appeal. I've worked for the Siskiyou National Forest in SW Oregon for many years. Someone recently gave me a copy of your fine publication. It's wonderful to know there are so many dedicated folks out to thwart government and industry attempts to destroy wild country. Well, help is urgently needed in the Kalmiopsis country. The Siskiyou National Forest has begun building a super logging road (similar to California's G-O Road) deep into the vast wilderness north of the designated Kalmiopsis Wilderness. The road would climb the ridge between the Illinois River and Silver Creek, both nominated to be Wild & Scenic Rivers. The road will obliterate the famous Illinois River Trail, one of the most popular and beautiful in SW Oregon. Dozens of smaller roads systems are planned to branch off the Bald Mountain Road to spread the cancer of logging into God's Country!

The Sierra Club tried appealing through the "system" and failed. Now only a radical ecotage action will stop this road. My age and USFS position prevent my involvement. Please urge people to come to SW Oregon and help save the Illinois and Kalmiopsis! Thank you.

—A concerned friend in the USFS

P.S. A project map is available if you write for a copy of the Bald Mountain Road EAR to Forest Supervisor, Siskiyou National Forest, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526.

New Mexico EF! Drafting Bisti National Park Proposal

Following up on the stimulating Earth First! Rally and Trespass at the Bisti Badlands in northwestern New Mexico, Neil Cobb and others are drafting a proposal to transfer federal, state, and "private" lands west of NM Hwy 44 and the Rio Puerco to the Navajo Nation and designating a National Park of at least 100,000 acres around the Bisti and De-na-zin Wilderness Study Areas. Chaco Canyon National Park would also be enlarged under the proposal. If you would like to have input into the proposal, contact Neil Cobb (see contact list).

Biscayne National Park Wilderness proposal

The National Park Service will release their wilderness proposal for Biscayne National Park, Florida, in February 1983. Biscayne is not only one of our newest national parks, it is also underwater. It's important that strong support for wilderness designation of nearly all of this park be voiced to insure protection for this non-traditional kind of wilderness. Earth First! will be developing a wilderness proposal for the area. Contact us in Ely to help or to offer to coordinate a proposal. (It is a long way to Florida from Nevada.) Also write Biscayne National Park, PO Box 1369, Homestead, Florida 33030 to receive a copy of their proposal.

EF! State Wilderness Coordinators

The following people are coordinating EF! wilderness studies and comments to agencies in their respective states. As was mentioned in the last issue of *EF!* it was decided at the RRR that Earth First! should become more involved in the BLM wilderness review and RARE II wilderness bills. The *EF!* paper will maintain a file of all EF! comments so please send copies of your comments to us. If you'd like to coordinate BLM or Forest Service wilderness in your state for EF!, please let us know so we can list you. EF!ers who would like to help on this project should contact their state coordinator.

ARIZONA
Paul Hirt
Box 40154
Tucson, AZ 85717
(602) 882-0830

MONTANA
Howie Wolke
Box 2348
Jackson, WY 83001
(307) 733-5343

NEVADA
Dave Foreman
POB 235
Ely, NV 89301
(702) 289-8636

NEW MEXICO
Neil Cobb
(505) 268-6352 (H)

OREGON
Gregg Morris
2570 Jackson St.
Eugene, OR 97405
(503) 687-0085

WYOMING
Howie Wolke

UTAH
Bart Kohler
POB 235
Ely, NV 89301
(702) 289-8636

IDAHO
Dave Foreman/Bart Koehler

Note to Local EF! Contacts

Send us reports of your activities, issues, updates, and announcements of EF! meetings in your area. This is your space in *EF!* Use it!

EARTH FIRST! LOCAL GROUPS AND CONTACTS

If you want to become involved with other EARTH FIRST!ERS in your area, contact one of the folks listed below. If you'd like to start a local group of EF! or be a local contact, contact EF! in Ely, PO Box 235, Ely NV 89301.

AUSTRALIA
John Seed
Rainforest Information Centre
22 Terania St Lismore 2480
New South Wales, Australia

ALASKA
Tom Pogson
SR 20056
Fairbanks, AK 99701

ARIZONA
Paul Hirt
Box 40154
Tucson, AZ 85717
(602) 882-0830

ARKANSAS
Little Rock—T.E. Anderson
1827 N. Jackson
Little Rock, AR 72203

CALIFORNIA
Arcata—Bill Devall
POB 21
Arcata, CA 95521
(707) 822-8136

Fresno—Michael Bordenave
Sierra Assoc. for the Environment (SAFE)
3771 Circle Dr
W. Fresno, CA 93704
(209) 229-0272

Marin County—Tim Jeffries
22 Claus Circle
Fairfax, CA 94930
(415) 456-7433

San Franscisco—Phillip Friedman
2300 Ortega St.
San Francisco CA 94122
(415) 665-0794

San Luis Obispo—Jean C. Gordon
1214 B Mill St
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

Santa Barbara—Matt Buckmaster
7394 Davenport B
Goleta, CA 93117
(805) 685-1289

Santa Barbara—Lawrence Worchester
935 Camino del Sur
Isla Vista, CA 93117
(805) 968-4478

Santa Cruz—Jean Brochlebank C.
425 Washington #6
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
(408) 426-9266

COLORADO
Boulder—Richard Ling
1020 13th #K
Boulder, CO 80302

Durango—Steve Rauworth
8593 Hwy 172
Ignacio, CO 81137
(303) 884-9864

Glenwood Springs—John Flippone
POB 1091
Glenwood Springs, CO 81601
(303) 945-2075

Steamboat—Scotty Sidner
Bear Pole Ranch
Steamboat Springs, CO 80477

Telluride—Art Goodtimes
POB 1008
Telluride, CO 81435
(303) 728-9938

CONNECTICUT
Willimantic—R. Neil Harvey
235 S. Park St.
Willimantic, CT 06226
(203) 423-2926

New Haven—Louisa Willcox
240 Cosy Beach Ave.
East Haven, CT 06512
(203) 468-2146

GEORGIA
Julia Heinz
378 Oakland Ave SE
Atlanta, GA 30312
(404) 525-2271

ILLINOIS
Prairie Grove Group EF!
Don Johnson
Woodside Farm
1841 S River Rd
Des Plaines, IL 60018
(312) 296-7960 **or**
Tim Byers
(312) 463-8045

KANSAS
Manhatten—Neil Schanker
1221 Thurston,
Manhatten, KS 66502
(913) 532-5866

Oskaloosa—Daniel Dancer
Sleeping Beauty Ranch
Oskaloosa, KS 66066

MAINE
Brunswick—Gary Lawless
POB 186
Brunswick, ME 04011
(207) 729-5083

Harrington—Charles Ewing
RD 1
Harrington, ME 04643

MARYLAND
Leonard J. Kerpelman
2403 W Rogers
Baltimore, MD 21209
(301) 367-8855

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor—Joe Onion
1201 White St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

MONTANA
Billings—Randall Gloege
343 North Rimroad
Billings, MT 59102
(406) 256-0965

Missoula—Tony Moore
316 E Spruce #2
Missoula, MT 59801
(406) 728-5493

NEVADA
Jomayne R. Stevens
65 Vine St
Reno, NV 89503

NEW JERSEY
Bob Ludd
246 Fawn Ridge
Mountainside, NJ 07092
(201) 233-7656(N) 624-7446 (D)

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque—Neil Cobb
3205 Campus NE
Albuquerque, NM 87106
(505) 268-6352 (H)
(505) 277-6437 (W)

Santa Fe—Rue Christie
PO Box 5910
Santa Fe, NM 87501
(505) 988-4284

NEW YORK
Troy—Ralph Meima
251 Liberty St
Troy, NY 12180
(518) 272-2496

Tully—Milton Bieber
Stevens Rd RD #1
Tully, NY 13129
(315) 696-8072

NORTH CAROLINA

Andrews—Hank & Mary Fonda
Rt. 1 Box 640B
Andrews, NC 28901
(704) 321-4086

Star—Ron & Sue Correll
Star Farm Rt. 1 Box 78 A-1
Star, NC 27356

OHIO
Rik Thuesen
Antioch College
Yellow Springs, OH 45387 **or**
8483 Whitewood
Brecksville, OH 44141

Columbus—Reed Noss
140 N. West St.
Westerville, OH 43081

OREGON
Corvallis—Lynn Cochrane
744 NW 27th
Corvallis, OR 97330
(503) 753-6486

Eugene—Greg Morris
2570 Jackson St
Eugene OR 97405
(503) 687-0085

Portland— Melinda Lee
9945 SW Trotter Pl
Beaverton, OR 97005
(503(646-0132

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia—Lisa Jo Frech
233 Plymouth Rd
Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437

TEXAS
Rio Grande Guides' Assoc.
Box 57
Terlingua, TX 70852

UTAH
Logan—George Nickas
422 N 400 E
Logan, UT 84321
Moab—Bob Phillips
POB 381
Moab, UT 84532
(801) 259-2059

Provo—Ken Wintch
1101 Elm Ave
Provo, UT 84601
(801) 377-2367

Salt Lake City—Spurs Jackson
POB 26221
Salt Lake City, UT 84126
(801) 355-2154

VIRGINIA
Alan Kinchloe
Rt. 1 Box 54A
Millboro, VA 24460

WASHINGTON
Olympia—Randy Weeks
1221 Bing St
Olympia, WA 98502

WEST VIRGINIA
J.R. Spruce
Box 222-A
RR 1
Ridgeley, WV 26753
(304) 738-2212

WISCONSIN
Mayville—Meri Kuehn
Rt. 1 Box 99A
Mayville, WI 53050
(414) 673-7345 or 387-4008

WYOMING
Nagasaki Johnson
Box 2617
Jackson, WY 83001
(307) 733-8054

(NOTE TO CONTACTS: Please check to make sure your address is correct. Send us your phone number if we don't have it.)

EARTH FIRST!

New Mexico Wilderness Bill

Two years ago, faced with the incoming Reagan Junta, New Mexico conservationists accepted a woefully inadequate RARE II Wilderness bill for their state. Flushed with the results of the 1982 election (in which Senator "Moonrock" Schmitt went down to flaming defeat before pro-environment Attorney General Jeff Bingaman and pro-environment candidates Bill Richardson and Toney Anaya were elected 3rd District Congressman and Governor respectively), New Mexicans are talking up a new wilderness bill which will expand existing wilderness areas and add others left out of the 1980 New Mexico Wilderness Act. Charging that the New Mexico Wilderness Study Committee/Sierra Club's New Mexico Alternative W in RARE II was "an egregious sell-out to the miners, loggers, energy pigs, and ORV zealots," Earth First!ers in the state are preparing their own comprehensive wilderness recommendations including closing the North Star Road and combining the Gila and Aldo Leopold Wilderness. Neil Cobb, New Mexico EF! Wilderness coordinator, also said that because of expected wholesale dismissals of Wilderness Study Areas by BLM, the New Mexico EF! proposal will include recommended wilderness areas on BLM lands. Earth First!ers interested in New Mexico should contact Neil to offer help in developing the proposal (3205 Campus NE, Albuq., NM 87106 505-268-6352 or 277-6437).

Sleep Cheap!

In the Litha issue of *EF!* (June 21, 1982), Eileen Key of Portland announced that she was beginning a list of EF!ers who would be happy to offer floor space to other EF!ers passing through their area. In the confusion of changing editors, Eileen's information was lost in the shuffle but—better late than never—we are pleased to print here. We will regularly run the Sleep Cheap! column in the hopes of encouraging more contact among Earth First!ers as you travel the backroads and highways of the US of A. To be listed in Sleep Cheap!, call or write Eileen Key (503) 236-7308, 4815 NE Flanders, Portland, OR 97213. The following folks are the first listings:

Portland — Eileen Key (see above)

Monticello, Utah — Richard Warnick POB 374 84535 (no phone, write for directions)

Santa Barbara, CA — Lawrence Worchester (805) 968-4478 and Steve Schuman (805) 968-6123 935 Camino del Sur, Isla Vista, CA 93117

Tucson—Thorn Lane (602) 744-1001 Box 87 Cortaro, AZ 85230 (no pets or children, please)

Fort Collins, CO — Chris Johnson (303) 482-2382 1850 Laparte Ave. #JB9 80521

Salt Lake City — Alan Sherwood (801) 972-0693 853 W. Montague Ave. 84104

Be considerate! Give your hosts-to-be plenty of warning. Please direct all correspondence on Sleep Cheap to Eileen (not to Ely).

MOVING?
SEND US
YOUR ADDRESS!

Report from Maine

Some rambling thoughts from your Down East contact:

We missed out again on the phase out of Maine "Yankee" in Wiscasset. The vote was swayed in favor of the nuke by a massive pro-nuke ad campaign. We are also having problems with snowmobiles in "forever wild" sections of Baxter State Park. The snowmobile lobby is a powerful adversary. The paper companies are now selling the mineral rights to their played out (raped) woods. We are keeping an eye out on the mining of uranium around here. There is also the chance for a solid waste dump of radioactive (up to 500 years) Class "B" materials here. Our clay and granite are the plus for this honor.

And we still have the pesticides in the blueberries, herbicides on the crops, timber, and rights of way. (Traces of Agent Orange have been discovered along utility rights of way.) A class action suit is underway on the spraying issue.

We could use more Earth First!ers here!

—Charles Ewing
RD 1
Harrington, ME 04643

BLM Shoots Down WSA's in New Mexico

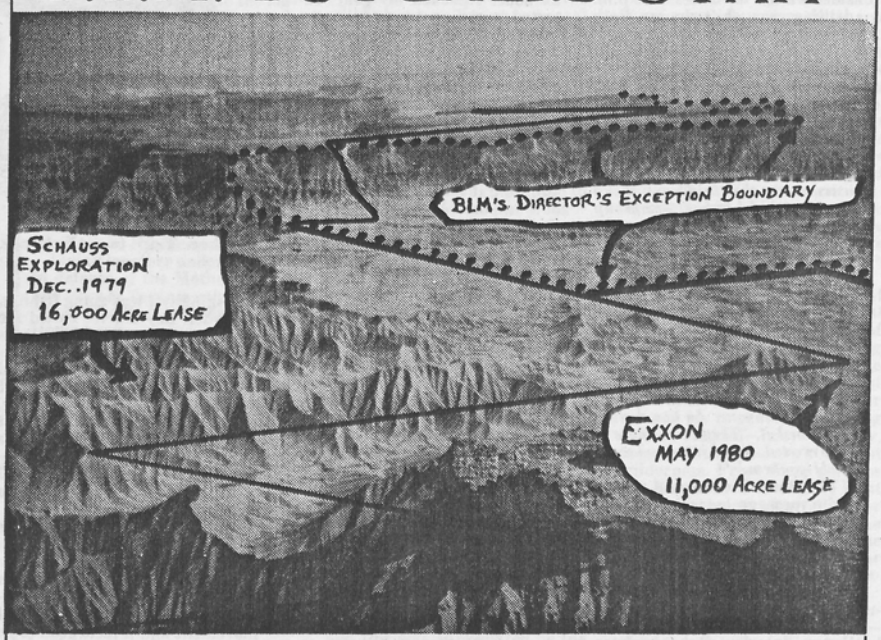
Reports reaching us at press time indicated that the Bureau of Land Management's statewide recommendations for wilderness in New Mexico will leave conservationists reeling in shock (particularly in the Las Cruces District). New Mexico EF! is gathering steam to expand their current BLM proposal and to mobilize support for it during the BLM comment period. Contact Neil Cobb to offer your help.

Earth First! Proposes More Wyoming Wilderness

"I finally realized that I sold my soul in helping to develop the moderate, compromised Wyoming Alternative W for RARE II. I'll never sell out again!" So said Howie Wolke, guide and outfitter of Jackson, Wyoming, in announcing his resignation from the Wyoming Wilderness Association and his current efforts to develop a "reasonable proposal to truly preserve the *real* Wyoming —the wilderness Wyoming." There is only a little more than 2 million acres protected as Wilderness in Wyoming. WWA and the Sierra Club have recommended only an additional 2.5 million acres of National Forest Wilderness. "And Bill Turnage's Wilderness Society supports less than half of that!" snorted Wolke. "Earth First! will propose at least 3.5 million acres of new National Forest Wilderness in Wyoming, including the linking of the Gros Ventre with the Wind Rivers. We also plan to propose the linking of Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks," Wolke said.

To help develop the Wyoming EF! Wilderness Proposal, contact Howie Wolke. Oregon, California, New Mexico, and Nevada are other states where there arte active efforts to develop statewide EF! wilderness proposals. See the EF! contact or state wilderness coordinator lists for people to contact.

B.L.M. BUTCHERS UTAH



Henry Mountains

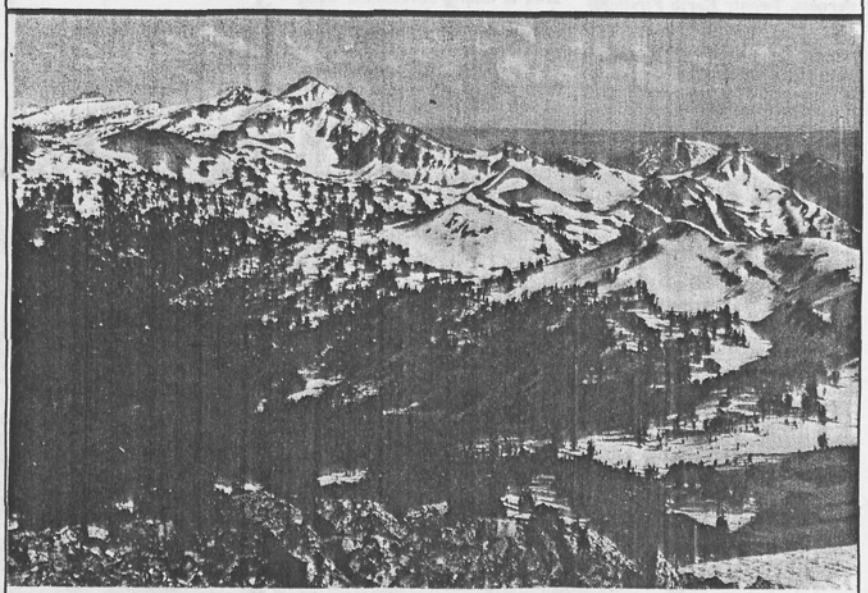
This photo by Clive Kincaid graphically shows the BLM's arbitrary boundary citing the "Director's Exception" for the *elimination of 50,000+ acres* (in the Mt. Ellen/Blue Hills WSA.) on the basis of an "obvious character change" in the landscape, which (according to the BLM) limited the wilderness experience to less than outstanding. *The area in the photo is roadless.*

The lead article in the Samhain *EF!* was Clive Kincaid's shocking expose of the criminal perversion of the Bureau of Land Management's wilderness inventory in Utah under State Director Gary Wicks. To present his information in its most effective form, Clive is producing a professional-quality slide show demonstrating how WSA boundaries were drawn to exclude corporate conflicts.

Money Needed for Slide Show

Earth First! is raising money for this slide show and we are still $500 short of the money needed. To help get the truth out about the destruction of canyonland wilderness in Utah, send your contributions for this important project to EF! in Ely (earmarked for the Utah slide show). As soon as the slide show is ready, it will be available for showing around the country.

GROS VENTRE AWAITS SPRING



The Gros Ventre Range is buried under snow these days. But the fights over that country are still alive.

Hearings will be held in Washington, D.C. on **Little Granite Creek** sometime this winter. We expect things to heat up again once the snow melts—that's if Getty Oil continues to push the issue. We will not be moved from our road blockade

Klondike Hill will be the next Gros Ventre name in the news. Conservationists have prevented timbering in Klondike Hill for years, but they will soon be coming to the "end of their ropes" within the system. The Wyo. Wilderness Association has gotten a legal "stay" against logging in the area, for now. It will not last for too long.

Earth First! members in northwestern Wyoming are planning to re-enforce the staunch defense of the eastern Gros Ventre from timber industry attacks.

If Klondike Hill is cut, then a chain reaction of timber sales will sweep across the area. Earth First! is now planning a long-term occupation of the sale location to prevent any and all logging activity.

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sides waited for Yates' 2:30 p.m. drilling crew shift change. Both sides were polite.

The Albuquerque Journal *reported it this way:*

"When the crew truck arrived, the group placed two tents across the road, be-decked with a "Don't Tread on Me" banner and a 48-star American flag.

Deputy Sheriff Richard Smith warned the Earth First! group that they faced arrest. The group refused to stand aside.

'I don't see what you're trying to preserve. The damage has already been done," said Smith.

'We're protecting a hundred other wildernesses,' countered Foreman. 'We want the rig out of here.'

After 15 more minutes of debate Deputy Sheriff Smith returned to his patrol car without arresting anyone. As one deputy explained it, "They're out here to get arrested, and I just don't want to oblige them.'

The standoff continued until a radio message came in. . . U.S. District Judge Juan Burciaga had finally issued a temporary restraining order prohibiting Yates from further drilling in Salt Creek.

Meanwhile, after a full day's hearing in Washington, D.C., House Interior Subcommittee Chairman John Seiberling expressed his outrage at James Watt and his underlings: "It is beyond belief that the most powerful nation in the world cannot stop the illegal drilling in a wilderness area."

Self-Induced Damages

Thursday, Nov. 11. The Earth First! blockaders (now reinforced by four more New Mexicans) finally withdrew when the drilling was halted. The Refuge was then closed to all public use.

In a crowded courtroom in Albuquerque, on Friday Nov. 12, Judge Burciaga decided to extend the temporary ban on drilling in the Salt Creek Wilderness. Twenty Earth First!ers stood in silent warning outside the courtroom.

Yates' attorneys had argued in vain to lift the ban. The attorneys complained that the well had already cost $100,000 and the idle rig was costing an additional $10,000 a day.

The judge cooly rejected the cost arguments. "The court is not insensitive to the possible hardship to Yates," he said, "But, *the damage should have been anticipated and accepted as self-induced.*"

After the hearing, Yates' attorneys tried to quietly leave the courthousé through a side door. Instead, they were greeted by the placard-toting Earth First!ers and a swarm of TV cameras.

On Nov. 18, Judge Burciaga made the injunction permanent.

All's Well that Ends Wells

Ironically, the heaviest criticism of Yates came from the *Southwest Oil and Gas News:*

"The three major television networks have given Yates all the publicity they ever dreamed about and all of it was bad!

. . .Yates Petroleum people did not fall off the turnip truck yesterday—when it comes to the oil business—and I'm sure they knew the odds of getting stopped, but maybe they underestimated *the total consequences."*

A Trip to Salt Creek

The conversation went something like this. . ."We've got an emergency. Dave, Howie, and Jim broke down outside of Albuquerque. Can you pick them up at Molly's Bar?" This was my first introduction to Earth First! operations—(Inoperations?). Within an hour, I packed my gear, extorted a pickup truck from my friend (at least, he was), and we were on our way to Salt Creek.

Five years ago, I doubt I could've adequately defined "wilderness"—last week I was party to the blockade of a drilling rig in Salt Creek. Coming originally from the East, the Southwest immediately charmed me. In addition, it made me realize just how important it is to preserve the aesthetic qualities of this not-yet-over-industrialized country.

Though being a relative newcomer to "environmentalism" I'm no less adamant in regard to the issues at hand. My biggest disappointment thus far is the total apathy I've run into since I've become verbally active. Salt Creek was a classic example—everyone agreed it was worthy of the fight, but when it came down to actual physical involvement, where were all the troops? My personal feeling is that if we let portions of the wilderness slip away from us now, degenerates such as James Watt, who will continue to chip away until we'll be left with 50 states looking like Newark, N.J. How important will your Waring blenders, garbage disposals and 2 car garages be then? It's altogether conceivable to me that in the not so distant future, if industrialism continues at the same pace, there'll be no place to hide. I feel sure that those of you who choose to hide only in your homes really don't want a power plant around the corner, spewing chemically filled pollutants and bellowing obnoxious noises 24 hours a day. This is not a plea to just out doors people. . .it's to everyone concerned with a liveable environment. It's unfortunate that it would take a situation such as this to get some people off their butts. The general mode of thinking is that we'll simply displace these monsters in remote areas; at the cost only of some "minor" wildlife, foliage, and air quality. Since we'll all be dead before the area is totally devastated, what the hell? The point is that if we allow these travesties in wilderness areas, we're relinquishing yet another blessing of our heritage. Salt Creek generated interest because it became a national issue. What we need to do, however, is keep our sights on other problem areas that won't become widely known. To do this, we *must* have bodies, willing to take the time and energy to watch developers, oil companies, utilities, etc. Without watchdogs, they'll take it all. We can't be effective without the numbers. It's not too late to become involved—it's time for all of the borderline cases to come out of the closet and jump on the bandwagon, that is, if you're interested in you and your children's survival.

Dave, Howie, and Jim made Salt Creek an especially gratifying experience for me. . .they showed me it could be done. Now that I've seen things in the proper perspective, I'm ready to fight for more, that which is, and always has been, due us. Those of you that may not be gutsy enough to stand in front of a bulldozer—please consider depriving yourself of that weekly massage or beer money for a night on the town. We're up against megabucks, but we can stretch our few to the greatest advantage. It's important, worthy and *critical* that we stand up to the bastards NOW!

—Kathy McCoy

Another Trip to Salt Creek

Originally I was going fishing, but when Roy Durfee called me and said Yates Petroleum was drilling in the Salt Creek Wilderness and that the drillers had beat up the guys who protested, I got *pissed!* The next day, Roy, Howard "Tiny" Logsdon, Pat Ericson and I drove down to the site and we vowed that if someone, *anyone* tried to shove us off *our* wilderness, we were going to shove back—and hard!

As it turned out, Judge Burciaga saved us from some bruised knuckles but my anger has not yet gone away. It has been seven years since I last was involved in the environmental movement and it feels good to be back. I suppose the fight to save what little we have left will continue, but now *I'm* fighting again. That's one less bit of apathy that the rapers of our land can rely on.

—Dave Seeley

Waiting in the Wings

Editorial by B. Koehler

Nagasaki and I didn't make the run down to the Salt Creek battleground. Instead, we stayed in cold Wyoming to make sure the Samhain issue of this paper got out to our readers in a timely fashion.

We were ready to "twist off" (as Nagasaki put it) and re-enforce our S.W.A.A.T. team at the drop of a beer-soaked Stetson. There was no sense in all of us getting arrested at once. But we were willing to move when needed. We never had to go.

Nagasaki was sitting by the phone in Goose, when he saw the evening news. My buddy Johnny Sagebrush and I had just returned from a hard, muddy day of rounding up some stray cows when we saw it.

I was so inspired by the television coverage of the Salt Creek Wilderness Battle, that I wrote this song for those great folks in New Mexico:

Stand In Front of that 'Dozer

Waitin' in the moonlight with a chill down my back
Heard a bulldozer comin' down the track
Rollin' and a roarin' with a clickity clack
I sure do hope that he turns back
Chorus
You've got to stand in front of that 'dozer
Stand in front of that 'dozer
Stand in front of that 'dozer till it turns around!

The 'dozer's comin' faster, I can see it, son
Movin' fast at us like a shot from a gun
I think I'm getting nervous, who said this was fun?
It's him or me, I hope he turns and runs
Now it's become a simple test of will
The man yells "Move OUT" or "You'll get killed!"
"Don't want no one hurt" and "No blood spilled!"
Then our tents got tossed all over that hill.
Chorus
Well, Dan Rather tells it on the evening news
About those conservation campers with the bulldozer blues
The oil men were illegal, it was all their fault
And the campers are charging whose men with assault!

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DAVID SEELEY - PROP.
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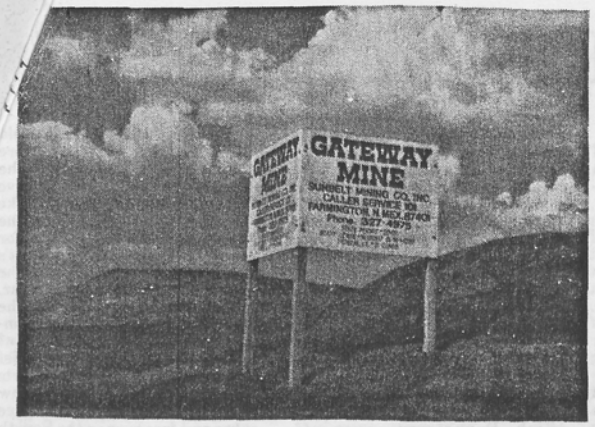
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87120
(505) 897-4374



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the door! They'll never be satisfied with just this lease."

Sagebrush followed by singing those "Low Down Bisti Blues" and "We Have Killed our Mother Country—Look What We've Done."

Then, Wes Leonard, veteran of the Salt Creek Wilderness fight—spoke to the crowd. He recounted the Salt Creek incident and stressed the need to make a stand. Wes turned and faced Sunbelt's lease boundary and shouted, "Here's where we draw *the line—Sunbelt will go no further!*"

Navajo spokesman John Redhouse stood tall at the Bisti. He stated that legal and political actions to save the badlands had failed, and it was time "for direct action."

Redhouse noted that all the Navajo Chapters were opposed to the destruction of the Bisti and to expanded coal development in the region.

He concluded by saying, "The spiritual values of this country are of great importance to us. If I were to express what we're striving for in non-Navajo terms—what we are saying is, "Earth First!"

Before singing again, Johnny Sagebrush asked everyone to pause and "*listen to the wind.*" Sagebrush then sang two new tunes: "Stand in Front of that 'Dozer" (*dedicated to the Salt Creek Crusaders*) and "Monkey-wrenchin' " (no explanation *necessary*). He then got everyone to stand up and sing "You Can Take the Bisti—Over My Dead Body!"

Dave "Digger" Foreman brought the rally to its conclusion. "I usually tell a joke when I start out—but not today. Today, I'm damned mad at what Sunbelt and Jerry Geist have done to the Bisti so far," he said. "I am damn mad that James Watt and Garry Carruthers have chosen to drop the Bisti from Wilderness Study status because it's less than 5000 acres. If they have their way, this whole country will be destroyed!"

Foreman announced that "The only way to save this country is to return these public lands to the Navajo—and establish a 100,000 acre Bisti National Park within *the Navajo country.*"

"Let's Do Something"

Several people shouted, "Enough talk! Let's Do Something!" So began the mass trespass.

Fifty people crossed the Sunbelt boundary fence, grasped hands and encircled one of the few "hoo-doos" that hadn't yet become fuel for the 4-Corners Power Plant. Singing "Goodbye Bisti—We Hate to See You Go," the protestors waited for the police. None came.

After paying their last respects to the Bisti, the protesters burned Jerry Geist (Sunbelt PNM honcho) and James Watt in effigy. Sunbelt's security force kept their distance.

Still looking for a confrontation, the protesters marched to the Sunbelt dragline nearly a mile away. Spearheaded by a "Save the Bisti" sign and banner, plus the ever-present 48-star American and "Don't Tread on Me" flags, the crowd pushed on.

Earth Firstlers marched across the leased land, and the security guards continued to fall back. "Damn!" someone whispered, "When are we gonna get arrested?"

Finally, the protesters lined up in front of the dragline (the 8 foot tall chain link barbed wire restraining fence providing a backdrop) and sang "America the Beautiful" and "Home on the Range." To show their last respects many people shook the fence and yelled, "Save the Bisti!" Save the Bisti!" "Earth First!"

Over the Top

Just when people were starting to leave, he went over the fence. A cut hand and torn shirt later, Nagasaki Johnson was dancing with the dragline. Next, he disappeared from sight, to reappear on top of the mechanized monster. He carefully draped the "Save the Bisti," banner over the side of the machine. The crowd went wild.

Nagasaki strolled back to the fence. Friends lifted the gate high enough for the big fella' to crawl and roll under to freedom. He was given a hero's welcome.

Day is Done

There were no arrests. Once the protesters had returned to their encampment, the State Police cars finally arrived. By then the action was over. We were warned not to trespass again by a stern-looking sergeant. We politely agreed.

Johnny Sagebrush and Nagasaki hiked back to the rally site after the police had departed. Johnny had to fetch his special guitar (after all, he didn't want it wrecked during the trespass).

Their conversation went something like this:

"You know, the police isn't our enemy. It's bad government decisions, and those corporate bastards," said one.

"Yup. We'll be arrested soon enough. We just have to make sure we pick *our* time and place," said the other.

"That's sure right. There's no sense spending a night in the Farmington jail, while everyone else will be singing and dancing tonight under the moon," they said together.

Australia

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before the main event. In the logging town of Murwillumbah where the sawmill is located, we demonstrated outside, then *inside the Forestry Commission* offices. We sang our songs and flew our flags in the street outside *the courthouse while those* arrested were appearing there.

Then, in anticipation of the assault on Mt. Nardi we set up our tents on private property donated for the occasion right next to the only access road to the heart of the Nightcap ecosystem.

Living together under the stars in defense of the Mother. As we had done at Terania rainforest in '79, at Middle Head Beach in '80. Home again.

The logging of "compartments 79 to 82" was delayed, then delayed again as the authorities considered the situation. Perhaps 500 people passed through the camp and were transformed by its energy and commitment. Media coverage of our action in Greirs and at the foot of Mt. *Nardi brought people from* all over, up to 100 in the camp at the time, while many others were *guided through the ruined forest* and the virgin forest.

Finally, at 3 a.m. on the 29th of September came the long awaited assault. 100 police and loggers, two bulldozers, scores of vehicles—it took them four hours to get through the string of blocades of humans, vehicles, fires across the road.

Three days of intense action followed as we obstructed the trucks bearing the bodies of 1200 year old brush box trees down the mountain. Plenty of TV coverage, heightened public awareness, then an injunction from the court temporarily halted the logging while the case for an environ*mental impact assessment was* heard.

At the time of writing, the Forestry Commission and the *millers are considering an appeal* to the supreme court, but if it stands the court decision is a *momentous one.* The Forestry Commission has to pay all of our legal costs. The decision may be a precedent not only for rainforest but perhaps for all natural areas in the state.

At all stages of the campaign, our group has been committed to non-violence. There were regular and lively discussions, however, on the question of damage to machinery, disabling bulldozers and so on. Some saw this as violent, many others saw it as counterproductive. In the end, during the heat of the final couple of days, some individuals started throwing paint bombs and rocks at logging trucks (though decisions at all meetings were against such actions). But this only after assaults by loggers and *even a police vehicle deliberately* running over someone's leg. The sawmilling lobby of course had a *field day after the rocks were* thrown—"violence" appeared eight times in their next press release along with "anarchy," etc.

Considering the usual standards of human behaviour in intense conflict, it was a picnic, and this was appreciated by the audience, the general public. We never ran short of money as the donations poured in. We claim to represent the 70% of people *shown by a statewide poll to* favour rainforest preservation. The government was paralysed by its warring factions, so the people took the matter in hand themselves, and peacefully. An important precedent.

The 130 arrested have as yet not been tried. The magistrates *were generally sympathetic and* bail was small or non-existent. Many people were arrested more than once on the same day, back up the mountain as soon as they had been processed in town. There is a good chance that, as at Terania, police will drop their charges and we will drop ours against them. They are angered at our claim that we are not lawbreakers but, like themselves, merely bit players in the theatre of social change. But the more thoughtful among them are getting used to it.

Scores, perhaps hundreds of people have undergone a radical conversion to the cause of Life! of *Earth First! and we're preparing* to drift down to Tasmania, the island state in the south of *Australia. There in November* we will try to prevent damming of the Franklin—last wild river, heart of the country's largest wilderness. From there perhaps the Karri-Jarra forests in West Australia being clearfelled for the bauxite below, and, when the rainy season is over, the defense of the tropical rainforests of far north Queensland and the uranium mines of South Australia.

A 60 minute audio documentary "Nightcap Rainforest—thinking globally, acting locally" is available for $10, airmail from the Rainforest Information Centre, Box 368 Lismore 2480, NSW, Australia. About half the tape is original music (incredible!) the other half information about rainforest and dramatic *material taped during the dem*onstrations.

—John Seed, Earth First!

ED ABBEY: MERRYCHRISTMAS, PIGS!

Scrooge was right. What I like best about Christmas in the desert is the conspicuous absence of Christmas. By late December the cone-nosed humbugs are gone and all the horny elf toads retired into their burrows for the season. When somebody asks me what I think of Christmas (nobody ever does), I reply, "Not much." Easy to avoid it out here in the rocks.

Think about Ebenezer Scrooge and Bobby Riggs, the twin patron saints of us middle-aged cryptoliberals. Cryptoliberal? Well, sure, why not? I have been called other names even worse. Misanthrope. Sexist. Elitist. Crank. Barbarian. Anarchosyndicalist. Wild conservative. And my favorite, from a Maoist lady in New York—she called me a creeping Fascist hyena. Quite true, so far as it goes (you can't please everybody), but they forget to add that I'm a pig lover too.

The pig I'm talking about is the one known also as peccary or javelina, the wild pig of the Arizona desert; not a true pig exactly, according to zoologists, but a good approximation—a close relation. Close enough for me, and the javelina, commonly defined as "a wild piglike animal," is the best kind of pig. Though that definition, come to think of it, is a shade too broad. Some of my best friends qualify as wild piglike animals without half trying. But that's another issue. The fault of the permissive social atmosphere, the Bill of Rights, the general weakening of moral fibers everywhere you look.

Back to my topic: Christmas and wild pigs. Have you ever stood alone under the full moon in the prickly cholla-mesquite desert on the night before Christmas and found yourself surrounded by a herd of hungry, snuffling, anxiety-ridden javelinas? I have, and it's a problematic situation: Some of those little fifty-pound beasts carry tusks and have been known to charge a full-grown man right up the hairy trunk of a saguaro cactus. That's the story I've been told by old-timers around here.

In any case, this part is true. I was surrounded by javelinas while O'Ryan chased the Seven Sisters around the Big Bear and the moon looked kindly down. To say that I was nervous would be an overexaggeration. Though unarmed and on foot, I was happy, at ease, and comfortably drunk.

The herd of javelinas was aware of my presence. The mind of a wild pig is unpredictable. These couldn't make up their minds whether to run or stay. After a while, since I made no move, they stayed. I could see them plain in the bright moonshine: parody pigs with oversize heads and undersize hams, each one bristly as a wire brush. They trotted from bush to bush and cactus to cactus, anxious restive fellows, all fits and starts, busy, busy. I was accepted, but not welcome; they hoped I wouldn't stay. As I watched, I heard the sound of their vigorous jaws at work—a crunching of jojoba nuts, the munching of prickly pear. In all nature there's no sound more pleasing than a hungry animal at its feed. Ask any cattleman or farmboy.

Down by Aravaipa Creek I heard the barking of a fox. An owl called. Everybody out shopping for supper.

There was a good strong odor in the air, the rank and racy musk of half-alarmed javelinas. I like that smell, just as I enjoy the smell (at a comfortable distance(of a skunk out looking for trouble. Associations: The wild tang of skunk brings back October nights, raccoons and baying hounds, the big woods and foggy hills of Old Pennsylvania. That smell means Arizona too: a border wolf, a desert bighorn, a mountain lion crouched on a ledge above the deer path in the chapparal. Good smells, good things, important, hard to find on Speedway Boulevard in Tucson or Central Avenue up in Phoenix.

Now and then one of the larger javelinas, suffering from curiousity, would come close to me, sniff, advance, and retreat, trying to figure out exactly what this thing is that stands there like a bush but breathes, smells like Jim Beam, moves a little. Suspicious; from time to time a ripple of panic passed through the herd like a wave through water. They knew something was wrong, but didn't know what. One minute they're on the point of exploding in all directions, pig fashion. A minute later and they forget the danger, start feeding again.

Then what happened? An angel came down from the stars in a long white robe to give us a lecture on the meaning of Christmas? No. I'll admit I have a weakness for simple fact, even if it spoils the story. Maybe that's the main difference between a serious literary artist like me and one of your ordinary sports columnists, say, who writes for the newspaper. But I don't want to make any hard judgments here; this is supposed to be the season of goodwill toward people. Sports columnists too. And wild pigs.

As my hero Ebenezer says, if the spirit of Christmas is more than humbug then we're obliged to extend it to all creatures great and small including men, women, children, foreigners, millipedes, termites and the wild pigs of the Arizona desert. That's the reason the Arizona Game and Fish Department puts off javelina season until January. Out of a decent respect for that annual outburst of love and goodwill we call Christmas.

As for the herd of javelinas snorting around me, the truth is, nothing much of anything happened. In fact, I got bored first, tired of simulating a saguaro cactus. I picked up a couple of rocks, in case one of those husky boars with the tusks came at me, and tiptoed off through the prickly pear. I did not wish to disturb my friends, but they took alarm anyway, erupting in various directions. Would take them an hour to reassemble. None charged me. Despite many meetings with javelinas, I have yet to come eyeball to eyeball with one. Even though I've charged *them* a few times, out of meanness, just to see them run.

If I were good and hungry, would I eat a javelina? Yes. I'd roast its head in a pit of mesquite coals and scramble my eggs with its brains. I have no quarrel with any man who kills one of God's creatures in order to feed his women and children and the o folks. Nothing could be mor right and honorable, when the need is really there. I believe humanity made a serious mistake when our ancestors gave up the hunting and gathering life for agriculture and towns. That's when they invented the slave, the serf, the master, the commissar, the bureaucrat, the capitalist, the five-star general. Wasn't it farming made a murderer out of Cain? Nothing but trouble and grief ever since, with a few comforts thrown in here and there, now and then, like bourbon and ice cubes and free beer on the Fourth of July, mainly to stretch out the misery.

Sermons aside, the javelinas and I parted company that moonlight night with no hard feelings, I hope, on either part. They had the whole east slope of Brandenburg Mountain to ramble over, and I had my cabin to crawl back into, where I keep my bearskin and this neurotic typewriter with a mind of its own. Christmas or no Christmas, it does my chilly Calvinist heart a lot of good to know those javelinas are still out there in the brush, pursuing happiness in their ancient piglike manner. What would Arizona be without a Game and Fish Department? Without a Sportsmen's Association? Hard to say. I wonder. But what would Arizona be without wild pigs? Why, no wonder at all. Arizona would be another poor, poached, puny, poverty-struck antheap like California, not fit for a man or his dog.

Happy Christmas, brother and sister. Long live the weeds and the wilderness. Merry New Year, pigs!

A SMATTERING OF BOOKS

by Dave Foreman

A number of folks have asked for a suggested reading list from *EF!* and I'll add to this project with a rather eclectic list of some of my favorites. The starred selections represent the most important and basic books. Apart from that there is no prioritization. If you have additional suggestions, please send them in. We can make this a regular feature. We'd also like to solicit book reviews.

★1. *Sand County Almanac*, Aldo Leopold (various editions). This is the most important conservation book ever written and builds the foundation for deep ecological thinking. I read SCA at least once a year.

★2. *Round River and Other Essays*, Aldo Leopold (various editions). The companion volume to Sand County Almanac and just as important. Don't be disturbed by Leopold's shoot-it-if-it-moves approach early on in this book. Watch his ecological thinking develop.

★3. *Thinking Like A Mountain*, Susan Flader (University of Nebraska Press). An incomparable philosophical biography of Aldo Leopold accurately subtitled, "Aldo Leopold and The Evolution of An Ecological Attitude Toward Deer, Wolves, And Forests." Flader traces Leopold's ideas from the days when he wanted to exterminate all predators to his development of the Land Ethic.

★4. *Desert Solitaire*, Edward Abbey (various editions). Next to Sand County Almanac, the best expression of wilderness in print (though there's no question who you'd pick for a drinkin' buddy). Desert Rats Unite! This is the book.

★5. *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, Edward Abbey (various editions). The novel that has given us an important word (and, some say, inspired the formation of Earth First!). Read it for inspiration and instruction!

★6. *Wilderness and the American Mind*, Roderick Nash (Yale University Press). An invaluable book that traces the development of attitudes (pro and con) toward wilderness through Western Civilization. Wait for the soon-to-come 3rd edition which has 100 pages of new material dealing with recent years and Deep Ecology.

★7. *Battle For the Wilderness*, Michael Frome (Praeger Publishers & The Wilderness Society). The basic history of the wilderness movement in a very readable fashion by one of our best and most combative environmental writers.

8. *Topsoil & Civilization*, Vernon Gill Carter & Tom Dale (revised edition from University of Oklahoma Press). The history of the rise and fall of civilizations according to their use and abuse of topsoil. It can happen here.

9. *Deserts on the March*, Paul B. Sears (University of Oklahoma Press). A famous ecologist's study of the agricultural making of deserts.

10. *St. Mawr*, DH Lawrence (Vintage Books). A powerful short novel of a rich American girl in England seeking a reason to live and finding it only in an unconquerable stallion she acquires. The ending of the story is set in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico and is one of the most powerful evocations of wilderness I have seen.

11. *Tieta*, Jorge Amado (Avon). If there are EF!ers in Brazil, here they are. Tieta, the wealthiest madam in Sao Paulo, returns to her remote hometown on the Bahia coast. Her greedy but sanctimonious family thinks her wealth is from a fortuitous marriage. Soon after returning, Tieta becomes wrapped up with a group of crazed local environmentalists opposing a titanium dioxide plant proposed to be built by an evil German/Brazilian consortium on a pristine beach nearby. Sex! Power! Evil Capitalists! Slavering Politicians! Wilderness! Drunkenness! Sex! Sharks! Hypocritical Christians! A Secret Shame! Earth First!

12. *The Grizzly*, Enos Mills (Ballantine Books). The classic study of the "most distinguished animal of the world" by the founder of Rocky Mountain National Park known as "Colorado's John Muir."

13. *The Subversive Science*, edited by Paul Shepherd & Daniel McKinley (Houghten Mifflin). Subtitled "Essays Toward An Ecology of Man," this anthology is most provocative and important.

14. *Wilderness Management*, John C. Hendee, George H. Stankey, & Robert C. Lucas (US Forest Service). A surprisingly good textbook by three USFS research scientists that is comprehensive as well as fairly enlightening.

15. *Dust Bowl*, Donald Worster (Oxford University Press). Subtitled "The Southern Plains in the 1930s" this is a superb historical, sociological, and ecological study of the Black Blizzards on the High Plains. My mother lived through it and she says Worster is right on.

16. *Plagues and Peoples*, William H. McNeill (Anchor Press/Doubleday). A distinguished historian traces the central role of pestilence in human affairs and how it has changed the course of history. McNeill has some remarkable ecological insights. I really like this book! (But then, I'm the only member of the Save the Smallpox Committee.)

17. *Seven Arrows*, Hyemeyohsts Storm (Ballantine). The story of the Medicine Wheel of the Plains Indian People.

18. *Black Elk Speaks*, John G. Neihardt (Pocket Books). The legendary book of visions of an Oglala Sioux medicine man.

19. *The Spiral Dance*, Starhawk (Harper & Row). Subtitled, "A Rebirth of the Ancient Religion of the Great Goddess," this is the best book on modern paganism. It includes rituals, invocations, exercises, magic, myths, and solid psychology. An essential beginning for an Earth Religion.

—Dave Foreman

NEXT ISSUE IN EARTH FIRST!

A 2 Page Map of the Earth First! Wilderness Preserves

Road Show Diary

Interview With Deep Ecology Founder Arne Naess

EF! Issues for 1983 . . .AND MORE!

BILL DEVALL: EARTH BONDING

Earth Bonding and Vision Questing: The Context of Experience in a World of Fact

Bonding has been defined as nonverbal forms of communication, as intuitive rapport which operates outside of or beyond rational, linear ways of thinking and perceiving.

The *life cycle* is the series of nonreversible phases of physiological, psychological and social change that an individual experiences from pre-natal experience in the mother's womb to dying and death of the physical body.

Perceptive psychologists and social critics including Joseph Pearce, Virginia Hines, Dolores LaChapelle and Paul Shepard, have noted the absence of socially approved rituals in our contemporary American society to encourage earth bonding and to make the transitions from one phase of life into another. These transition rituals have been called *rites de passage*.

Rituals work on the level of holistic or nonverbal communication. As outlined by anthropologist Virginia Hines from her comparative study of rituals in many different cultures, the form of a complete ritual includes intent of participants, opening invocation, context of the ritual, content and closure. Closure is the most difficult phase for many participants because it means recessing away from a "sacred area," recrossing a threshold into "ordinary" life and incorporation of the "vision" of the ritual into everyday life.

Many Native American tribes had and still have rituals which function both as earth bonding and rites of passages. These rituals were *grounded* in a specific space, a specific "sacred cosmology." Bobby Lake's account of the Chilula of Redwood Creek, for example, describes rocks, waterfalls, and vistas which were the context for all living. Words were specific for locations and directions were given not by abstract coordinates on a map but by reference to real rocks, rivers and waterfalls. At different phases of their lives, men and women went to specific places to engage in ritual purification. In her book, *Earth Wisdom*, Dolores LaChapelle discusses the gods of ancient Europe and the Near East as manifestations of *place* and human consciousness of spirit, that realm beyond ordinary reality.

Christian cosmology, which emphasizes that this Earth is only a waystation to heaven or hell, and Christian hostility to the gods-of-place, led to the attempts to destroy paganism, pantheism and all earth bonding rituals. John Holland Smith in the *Death of Classical Paganism* concluded "from the beginning the Christians set out to destroy the gods of the classical world. They all but succeeded. And there can be no doubt that of all the crimes committed in Christ's name, this has been the most devastating in its consequences. During their attempt to murder the gods, the Christians destroyed the world of those who loved them."

Thus we live in a society which gives predominant emphasis to rational, logical thinking, to technological solutions to perceived "problems" and which *sees* Nature only as a collection of "natural resources" open for use by humans. The Christian, Marxist and American secular versions of this ethos are therefore earth-denying.

Those persons labeled as "environmentalists" argue from rational premises including cost-benefit ratios, "vegetative improvement," etc. and are condemned to speak in the double-speak of administrative agencies and scientism.

But many "environmentalists" have deep feeling for places, indeed for the Whole Earth as homeland. And the journey of specific leaders into "sacred space" is documented in their writings—John Muir in the Sierra Nevada, Aldo Leopold and Edward Abbey in the American southwest, Sig Olsen in the northwoods. Some of these persons have intuitively engaged in a "vision quest," a movement in consciousness to make connections with the extraordinary. Hunter's account, in *Warriors of the Rainbow* of the fumbling, incoherent attempts by the founders of Greenpeace to make connections with the whales and to express their deep feeling, their nonrational connection, love and understanding of whales to other people is a classic example in my estimation of the experiences of many "environmentalists."

During the past decade a social movement, a collective attempt to redefine the situation and institute new procedures into society has been developing around the attempt to reconstruct, rediscover the earth bonding processes—which worked so well for primal peoples—in the context of high technology, urban society. This movement has been particularly active in northern California. It is not yet accepted by reformist environmental groups such as the Sierra Club, Audubon, and Friends of the Earth. Perhaps the leaders of these groups are wary because of the disdain which rational-logical minds in government, business and universities give to "mysticism" or "nature romanticism."

The movement comes from humanistic psychology, especially those who ground their interpretations on the theories of Carl Jung, and from Eastern traditions infused into the stream of consciousness in California through various individuals and groups including Gary Snyder and the Zen Center of San Francisco. The movement also draws upon the Native American traditions and rituals because these were the people of Turtle Island (North America) for so long that their language and rituals were grounded in the *place*. This is not an attempt to recreate traditional Native American esoteric religions but to understand our Minds-in-context through rituals having the same form as some Native American rituals.

It draws on the human development theories of Eric Erickson and others. Psychological transitions do not always coincide with physical transitions. For example, many observers note that adolescence as a phase in the life cycle may extend through the 20s and 30s in contemporary American society. And some people never make the transition into maturity.

One manifestation of this social movement occurred in October 1982, when several thousand people came together at a "Medicine Wheel gathering at Cazadero in Sonoma County to discuss the "politics of spirituality," earth bonding and "getting back to our Mother Earth." This gathering, organized by The Bear Tribe, Adele Getty and Sunwater, was the second such gathering in Sonoma County.

Adele Getty was educated by George Sessions at Sierra College and at Sonoma State University in psychology. She expressed the premise of many leaders of this movement. We are in a period of "spiritual education," she said. "We don't know our own reality. We need to send out tap roots. We do know that Mother Earth is in trouble. But there is so much social fluidity in our times we have to borrow and beg from traditions such as Native Americans in order to find a way. If you can connect with some ancient goddess in your own psyche, go with her."

Some speakers at the gathering suggested that the period from 1982 through 1984 is especially important in northern California and that this *place* is undergoing a period of dramatic renewal.

The specific earth bonding ritual used at the gathering in Sonoma County was an adaptation of the "medicine wheel" of the Lakota Sioux. It was developed a few years ago after Sun Bear, a Chippewa/Metis medicine man, had a vision that told him that now is the time for medicine wheels to return to this land. He and his wife (who is his "medicine helper") wrote a book called *The Medicine Wheel*. They organized the first "medicine wheel gathering" in 1980.

Each ritual is a exploration. "We are all learning," Adele Getty said. Leaders attempt to help people create their own rituals, their own rites of passage, and to use some Native American traditions for collective rituals. The "medicine wheel" in this modern, California setting was described by Wabun, Sun Bear's wife and ritual leader, in these terms:

"During this Gathering we will construct a medicine wheel consisting of a center power object, which represents the Creator, the center of the Universe; surrounded by seven stones representing the earth mother, father sun, grandmother moon, the turtle (earth) clan, the frog (water) clan, the butterfly (air) clan and the thunderbird (fire) clan. Radiating out from the center we will place four rocks for the spirit keepers of the north (Waboose), of the east (Wabun), of the south (Shawnodese), of the west (Mudjekeewis). Between the northern and eastern stones we will place three others to represent the Snow Goose, Otter and Cougar people; between the east and southern gate there will be stones for the Red Hawk, Beaver, and Deer people; between the south and west, for the Flicker, Sturgeon and Brown Bear people; between west and north, for the Raven, Snake and Elk people. We will also place three stones between each of the directions and the inner circle. These represent some of the paths that people can take as they travel around the medicine wheel."

With chanting and prayers persons representing each of the "clans" entered the "sacred circle" and placed the rock of the clan they represented.

The closing ritual on Sunday evening consisted of a "give away," a ritual gift giving to all participants who were empowered to carry the rocks they brought to the "medicine wheel" to create the center of a medicine wheel in their own community.

Theodore Roszak in his book *Person/Planet* discusses "healing ourselves and healing the planet." Roszak, Gregory Bateson and Dolores LaChapelle discuss not the alienated-rational mind, but the "mind-in-context," of literal "intermingling" of Person-in-place as the radical and subversive message of ecology.

The use of Native American forms is only a tool for those who created the "medicine wheel". As Adele Getty said, "the gathering is not about how to be an Indian, but how to create and honor our own traditions."

Phrases such as "birth of a new culture" and "consciousness of place" were used by many speakers at the medicine wheel gathering. Some groups are explicitly linking their work on rites of passage with political activism. One group of witches participated in the demonstrations at the Livermore Laboratory last spring and were arrested with other anti-nuclear demonstrators. They define "magic" as the "art of empowering ourselves and each other." As "witches" they are explicitly calling upon ancient traditions of healing which were suppressed by Christian churches but remain in esoteric writings and some anthropological accounts.

"Empowerment" is a process of asserting "integrative power," healing power rather than domination or power-over-the-other. It means "taking responsibility for when you know nothing can be done."

Healing the Earth does not mean taking control, but "letting be." One Norwegian philosopher calls this the norm of "free nature!" At the Medicine Wheel in Sonoma County, several speakers asserted "there is nothing we can do to heal Mother Earth. We can allow Earth to heal us if we are open to healing. Then Earth and we, the human people, will both regenerate."

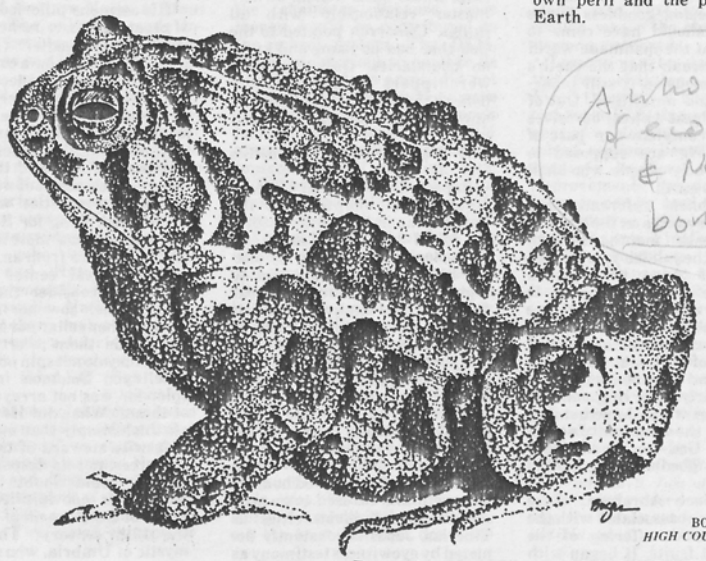
Another speaker said, "if we could all experience together our sadness for what we humans have done to the Earth, then we can begin the process of healing ourselves; we can begin the real work."

Several organizations are now leading rites of passage. One group, called Rites of Passage, in Novato, California, sponsors week long "quests" for adolescents and adults in the mountains and deserts. Leaders of this group have been asked to teach their methods to some Outward Bound schools and some Boy Scout troops. The statement of purpose of Rites of Passage says "we are a confluence of ancient and modern cultural ways and teachings. We make these ways available to those who come, not to be healed, but to heal themselves. Our courses involve time spent in the wilderness. A course is an exceptional educational opportunity, a profound growth event, a life test, a "graduation" which refreshes, energizes and regenerates. Such an experience might not be desired by everyone, but by those who recognize, deep within, the challenge."

Ed Grumbine, director of the Wilderness Studies program of Sierra Institute at UC, Santa Cruz provides opportunities similar to Rites of Passage and has written a major statement in *The Power Without: On the Practice of Wilderness Teaching.*

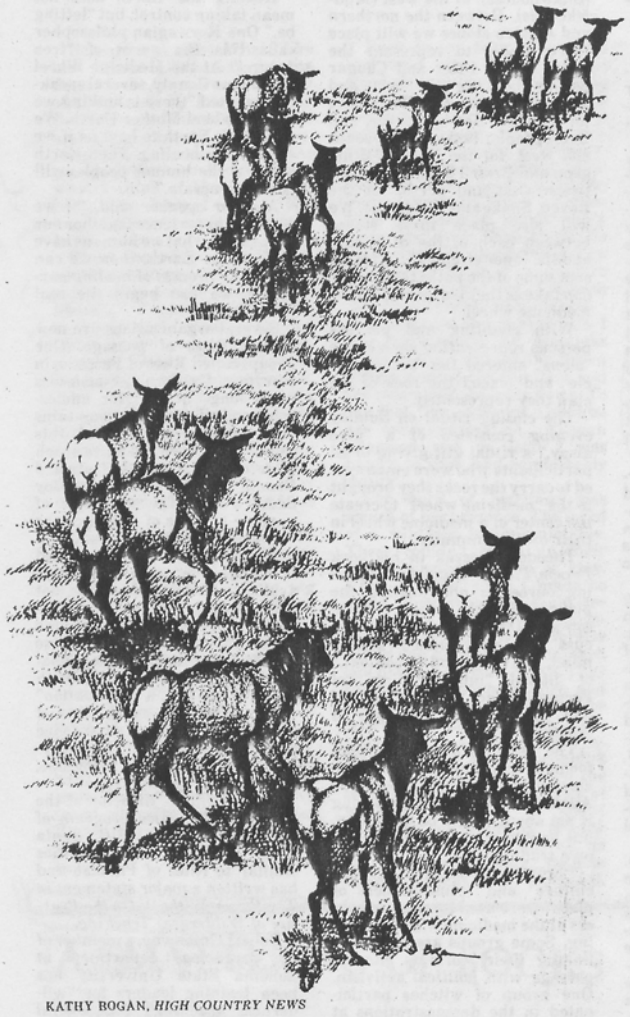
Robert Greenway, a member of the psychology department at Sonoma State University has been training leaders for "wilderness teaching" for several years. While the Sierra Club has not instituted such "questing" in its outings program, it has published Paul Shepard's new book, *Nature and Madness*, which articulates a theory that human destructiveness of the environmental in modern societies is a result of failed development of Self.

The cry for vision, for "earth wisdom" is being heard. Reform environmental groups can ignore "deep feeling" for *place*, can ignore deep ecology only at their own peril and the peril of the Earth.



BOGAN,
HIGH COUNTRY NEWS

MUTTERINGS FROM MAM



KATHY BOGAN, *HIGH COUNTRY NEWS*

YULE

by Mama Rue

His coming as a Messiah was prophesied thus: "In the latter days a pure virgin will conceive, and when the child is born a star will appear. When you behold the star, follow it wheresoever it shall lead you and adore the child, offering gifts with humility. He is the Almighty Word which created the heavens." He is one of the Gods, lower than the supreme deity, but above all other Gods. Seeing mankind afflicted by the cosmic power of darkness, he incarnated on Earth. His birth on 25 December was witnessed by shepherds. After many deeds he held a last supper with his disciples and returned to heaven. At the end of the world he will come again to judge resurrected mankind and after the last battle, victorious over evil, he will lead the chosen ones through a river of fire to blessed immortality. It is possible to prepare oneself for this event during life by devotion to him, and to attain a degree of communion with him through the sacremental means of initiation. Who is he?

If you answered Jesus of Nazareth, called Christ, smite thyself for unredeemed cultural conditioning and prepare to recognize the earlier, the "true" God, Mithra the Sun God, of whom all these things were said long before Jesus was a gleam in Yahweh's eye. In the Mithraic Mysteries, the Sacred Year began with the birth of the Sun-God at the Winter Solstice which, on the Julian calendar of Rome, fell on December 25th. On the eve of this date, Mithraites in Syria and Egypt retired into inner shrines, from which they issued forth at midnight, crying: "The Virgin has brought forth! The light is waxing!" In Egypt, the newborn Sun was represented physically by a human infant, whose image was brought forth and exhibited at the Solstice. The virgin mother in the Roman version was the Great Goddess, Cybele. The women of Rome walked the streets on the 25th of December singing in a loud voice; "Unto us a child is born this day."

Actually, quite a number of incarnated Gods were said to have been born at the Winter Solstice, including Bacchus of Egypt, Bacchus of Greece, Adonis of Greece, Krishna of India, Sakia of India, Chan-ti of China, Chris of Chaldea and Jao Wapaul of ancient Britain. All were said to have been born of a virgin, perhaps because the astrological sign of Virgo, the Virgin, is newly risen above the horizon at this time.

Then came the Christians. According to the information given in the New Testament, Jesus could not possibly have been born in Winter. Since the apostles never celebrated his birthday at all, the exact date of his birth must remain unknown, but if the written record is at all accurate, the evidence points to early autumn, probably September, as the season of the nativity, in the year 6 B.C. In any case the early Christian Church did not feel that the birthday of their Savior was of particular significance. Indeed, the celebration of birthdays was expressly forbidden by Jewish law, as Josephus, first century Jewish historian, states: "Nay, indeed the law does not permit us to make festivals at the births of our children."

However, Mithraism, the most serious competitor to Christianity in Rome, and other "pagan" religions celebrated the Winter Solstice as the time when the Sun was reborn and began to grow. By 336 A.D., Roman converts to Christianity who were still secret devotees of Mithra had begun celebrating Dec. 25 as the birthday of Christ. Since the emperor, Constantine, had declared Christianity the state religion, it was not considered politic to insist on worshipping Mithra openly. In 337 Pope Julius I chose Dec. 25 as the birthday of Christ, and in 354 Constantine, deciding that "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em," ordained Dec. 25 as the official Roman festival commemorating the birth of Christ. Prior to this date, there is no mention of any observance of the nativity of Jesus in any Christian writings.

The festive rituals with which we still celebrate Winter Solstice/Yule/Xmas come almost from pre-Christian times. The Romans had for many centuries celebrated a festival near the time of the Winter Solstice and eventually extended it to cover an entire week from Dec. 17 through 24. This festival, dedicated to Saturn, God of sowing and animal husbandry (very similar to the Hunter God of the Celts), was called the Saturnalia. During this time all work and business was suspended, wars ceased, executions were postponed, slaves were given temporary freedom to say and do as they pleased, social distinctions were forgotten, and certain moral restrictions were eased, leading to uninhibited revelry. Houses were decorated with gilt and colored paper, and gifts were exchanged between people. There is one interesting reference to one of the most popular customs of Yuletide in Jeremiah 10:2-6 that many modern Christians might find disconcerting as they decorate their traditional "Christmas Tree:" "Thus saith the Lord, learn not the way of the Pagans. . .For the customs of these people are vain: for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the ax. They deck it with silver and with gold; they fasten it with nails and hammers, that it move not."

It's pleasant to reflect, while watching the Yule log burn, that Earth religions, like the Earth herself, absorb and transform all that mankind asserts, is, and does. Nothing changes, and nothing remains the same. Praise the Sun for he is reborn! (And when you live in a solar house as I do, appreciation is heartfelt.) Admire the Earth and those who revere her for the perpetuity that encompasses all changes. And worship the universal God/dess, however you conceive her/him to be, recognizing the wondrous diversity of all creation.

Many thanks to Tim Zell, Primate of the Holy Order of Mother Earth (H.O.M.E.), for his writings in the Green Egg from which most of this article was shamelessly plagarized.

WILDERNESS AND THE BIBLE

by Charles S. Watson, Jr.

(A Response to the Moral Majority)

For millenia the chosen People called wilderness, 'God's Land,' distinguishing it from settled areas possessed and remade by man. In seeing goodness in the land, we should have come to realize that the manmade world is not spiritual; that the earth's human dimension is still inharmonious and unfulfilled. Out of Sinai's stillness we hear ourselves called to complete our part of creation. We are supposed to become a holy people who shall hallow the earth.

The Biblical references are clear; observances on the seventh day, seventh month, seventh year, and the jubilee year's 'completion' of seven times seven years, are clearly designed to weave the wilderness experience into our fabric. The Torah's sabbatical observances are temporal analogs of Sinai's untamed spaces—that is, sabbatical times are regularly recurring vantage points from which to remember and renew the community's covenant with God—to actualize the creation's goodness in human history.

Ever since Abraham, there was a custom associated with the seventh week's offering of the land's first fruits. It began with the words "arami obed abi"—i.e., "my father was a cimarron Aramean." This was the *cimarron*, that mystical ability to be at home always with wildlands. To digress from this was considered a sellout to *Baal* worship, whose basis was an owner/master relationship with all things. Cimarron pointed to the God that had no name and knew no boundaries. Only the Baal worshippers could seriously believe that God's land should be appropriated, cashed in and plundered.

The New Testament Fulfills It...

Repeatedly in the four Gospels, Jesus Christ showed that the Father was in tune with nature. To fulfill his New Testament, Jesus began his ministry by testing himself for 40 days and 40 nights in the wilderness near Jericho. Anti-environmentalists recently have actually tried to claim that, since Jesus was tempted by the devil there, wilderness is a place of temptation and evil.

If that is so, why did Jesus almost habitually continue his ministry in the wildest parts of Judea and Galilee? He exiled himself from his boyhood home of Nazareth and refused to go near such major Galilean cities as Tiberias. Jesus is constantly depicted by eyewitness testimony as preferring the openness of the Sea of Galilee, the small fishing village of Capernaum and its wild hinterlands.

His sermons pilloried the evils of great wealth. . . .remember the "eye of the needle?" (Matthew 20:24 "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.") The miraculous events of the Transfiguration, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes and the Beatitudes—all came out of wilderness places. The apostles were constantly searching for Him there.

Some of Jesus' most important parables came from an astonishing ecological sense. . .(Luke 12:24-27) "consider the ravens; they neither sow nor reap and have neither cellar nor barn—yet God feeds them"; "or take the lilies: they do not spin nor toil; but I tell you Solomon in all his splendor was not arrayed as one of these." What did He mean by all this? Simply that man was to be a wise steward of the earth's resources, not its despoiler.

Who would doubt that prophecy was not fulfilled by the prose of St. Francis of Assisi in the 13th century? The gentle mystic of Umbria, who saved the wolf and made the birds do God's bidding, perhaps summed it up in his remarkable *Canticle of the Sun:*

"Praise to Thee, my Lord, for all Thy creatures, above all Brother Sun, who brings us the day and lends us his light; Lovely is he, radiant with splendor, and speaks to us of Thee, O Most High. Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the stars which Thou hast set in the heavens, clear, precious, and fair. Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Wind, for air and cloud, for calm and all weather by which Thou supportest life in all Thy creatures. . ."

It is hardly surprising, therefore, to understand why Pope John Paul II in 1980 declared St. Francis to be the patron of ecologists. We prefer him to those who would give us a Christ composed of corporate sinews and an altar made up of the almighty buck!

Charles S. Watson, Jr.

Charles S. Watson, Jr., of Carson City, NV, is founder and director of NORA, the Nevada Outdoors Recreation Association, and is one of the leading national figures in efforts to protect BLM wilderness.

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THE BISTI: STALKING HORSE FOR MEGAPOWER

by Lance Christie

When the Public Service Company of New Mexico (PNM) named their mine on Section 32 the "Gateway Mine," they were engaging in truth in advertising. It is obvious that the mine makes no economic sense as a source of supply to the San Juan Generating Station 45 miles to the north, although it is cited as the consumer of the 6 million tons of coal planned to be recovered from the Gateway Mine. First, the San Juan Mine located at the San Juan Generating Station can supply the power plant for at least 20 and probably 30 years. Thus, the original plan to build the San Juan Generating Station on the site of a mine capable of supplying it cheaply through its entire depreciable life is sound; additional coal isn't necessary. Second, the cost of trucking the Gateway Mine coal 45 miles, mostly by dirt road, results in a cost of $1.61 per million btu of boiler heat realized, versus 76¢ for San Juan Mine coal; the Gateway coal costs 111.8% more. PNM, thanks to rate indexing for the cost of fuel, passes this cost on to utility ratepayers, but faces the liability of explaining this inflated fuel cost to critics (get busy, critics!).

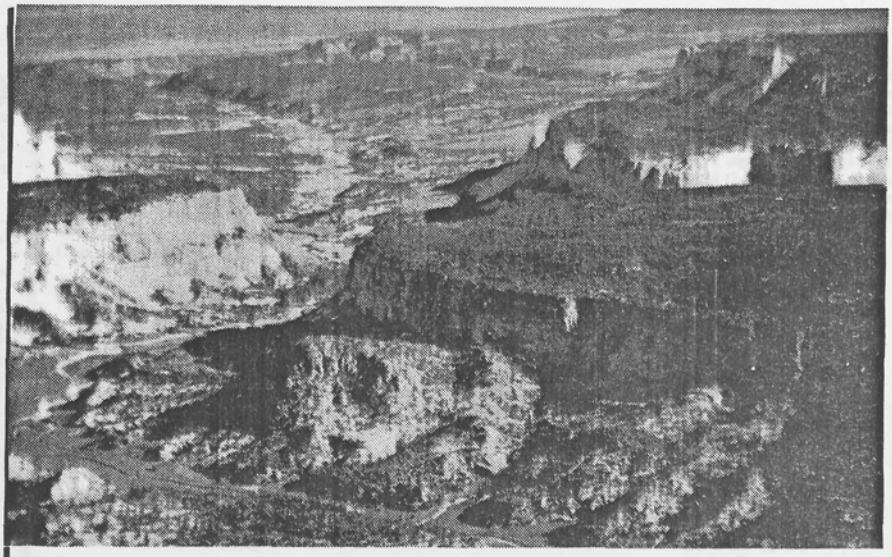
One must instead find the explanation for PNM's adamant pursuit of the Gateway Mine through court challenges and environmentalist outrage in their plans for the 2,000 megawatt New Mexico Generating Station (NMGS), proposed for a site only three miles south of the Bisti Badlands. PNM is currently attempting to swap Ute Mountain, which they own on the Rio Grande Gorge near Taos, to the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) in exchange for the BLM (public) land they want for the NMGS power plant/city site near Bisti. The NMGS is, I think, the newest manifestation of the Kaipairowits power project which was finally defeated by environmentalists in southern Utah because of the adverse effects on air quality and thus visibility in the many national park and monuments close by. The similarity in market for the electricity from the various megapower coal-fired projects proposed over time for various southwestern coal areas establishes their common identity: the burgeoning cities and industries of Arizona and California. Unlike the earlier, environmentalist-defeated proposals, NMGS is proposed for a site which is (1) owned outright without outlay of capital, if the land swap is successful, affording opportunity for real estate as well as power sale profits from the city to be built to house the construction and then the plant operating personnel. The city will range from 2,000 to 20,000 inhabitants at various stages of development and operation. (2) in a desert basin where air pollution from the NMGS power plant, whose 2 billion watt output exceeds the generating capacity of the state of New Mexico presently, does not impact major national parks, monuments and existing designated wilderness areas which are popular and thus have many concerned defenders.

One is therefore not surprised to discover that nine major coal-mining companies have invested in Preference Right Lease Applications in the area which are good for about two billion tons of coal; that they already hold leases to hundreds of millions of tons of federal coal; and have asked Rape 'n Run Watt to make available for lease an additional 1.6 billion tons of federal coal in the San Juan Basin. Watt has dutifully proposed putting almost the entire amount requested on the block in September, 1983. In interpreting this coal speculation, remember the San Juan Basin coal deposits are low quality, low sulfur bituminous coal not salable at long distances or overseas given transportation costs, or for purposes other than boiler fuel. There is only one profitable outcome to reward this intensive speculation in San Juan Basin coal resources: a massive consumer of boiler coal in the immediate vicinity—namely NMGS.

It is obvious that the Bisti Badlands and other potential wilderness areas in the vicinity of a huge company power town act to inhibit easy achievement of utility/coal company ambitions to make the San Juan Basin a "national sacrifice area," as a National Science Foundation report proposed in the late 1970s, acknowledging that the aridity of the area made strip-mined portions unreclaimable. By establishing a coal mine, with attendant noise, dust, blasting, and visual intrusion in the premier San Juan Basin BLM Wilderness Study Area (WSA) which surrounds it on three sides (the Bisti), PNM has a perfect stalking horse for the NMGS. By fouling up efforts to trade the state land for other property by BLM in order to create a complete Bisti WSA, PNM kept the Bisti's size and integrity/desirability down, paving the way for Watt to drop the Bisti WSA from consideration for wilderness because it was under 5,000 acres in size. Having an active mine in the area, and preventing wilderness designations around it, improves the psychological climate for promoting NMGS into reality on the nearby site and strip-mining thousands of acres of San Juan Basin land to supply NMGS.

There is no clearer conflict between urbanization/industrialization and conservation values to be found anywhere. Given the lack of rise in demand for electricity due to conservation in the last few years, and demonstrations by environmentalist-sponsored studies that no new power generating capacity would be needed by an expanding economy between now and 2020 if highly feasible and productivity-enhancing forms of energy conservation are affected, the NMGS becomes a utility gamble that power conservation efforts *will fail*. In turn, allowing NMGS to be built creates an immense economic disincentive for promotion of electrical conservation by financially interested power companies. The price of this folly is not only the trashing of the San Juan Basin WSAs by power townspeople on dirt bikes, but means turning a vast 80-mile belt from southwest of Cuba to west of Farmington, New Mexico, into a sterile gravel field under a pall of coal smoke after throwing the indigenous pastoral Navajos off it—truly a "national sacrifice area." I nominate other entities than the Navajos and the beautiful San Juan Basin desert for sacrifice. Earth First!

Opposition to the Gateway Mine and dropping the Bisti Badlands as a wilderness area despite the mine's presence is therefore part of opposing the NMGS, the "national sacrifice area" in the San Juan Basin, and the whole idea of expanding generating capacity without need instead of promoting energy conservation.



These forested mesas were eliminated from the Paria-Hackberry W.S.A. by the B.L.M. because of the potential for chaining operations. Photo by Clive Kincaid.

UTAH WARS ON WILDERNESS

Chaining Massacres and State Lands: Utah's Weapons Against Wilderness

by Cliff Dweller

In Utah, one can easily get the impression that the largest stumbling block to the Bureau of Land Management's wilderness inventory is the BLM itself. Indeed, the feds own the vast majority of wilderness study areas, but interspersed throughout this domain like patches in a crazy quilt are square mile sections of land belonging to the state of Utah. Upon entering statehood in 1896, the federal government ceded four sections in every 36 section township to the state. According to Utah's constitution, these sections must be used to raise money for the state school system, hence the name "school sections."

Under the guise of economic returns for schools, local politicians acting in accordance with the state land board can effectively use state sections as a weapon to block roadless area inventories and reduce wilderness acreage. Two examples from southeastern Utah's Grand Gulch Plateau illustrate this tactic.

When Grand Gulch was designated a BLM primitive area in 1970, its northern boundaries were only four miles from Natural Bridges National Monument. The only manmade intrusion between these two pristine areas was Utah Highway 95, then a narrow and winding unpaved road. With the exception of this 60-foot wide dirt ribbon, dense pinyon-juniper forest cloaked all land between the new primitive area and the National Monument.

The primitive area designation was viewed with alarm by the commissioners of San Juan County, who believed Grand Gulch and Natural Bridges would eventually be combined into a single National Monument. To them, such a monument would create a barrier limiting economic development in the western third of San Juan County.

The response of the commission was to approve livestock grazing "improvements" on state school sections located between Natural Bridges and Grand Gulch. By 1973, four sections of state land—some 2,500 acres—had been chained. Two giant caterpillar tractors with a 40-ton ship's anchor chain towed between them simply work their way over stout trees and whatever else happened to be in the way. An airplane then seeded the raw, broken terrain with grasses appropriate for livestock forage.

The tactic worked, and four ugly gashes were left in the mesa top forest between Natural Bridges and Grand Gulch. Economic returns from cattle have been minimal, but the alleged "barrier" of wilderness in western San Juan County was broken. Any notion of an enlarged National Monument was smashed by this highly effective chaining massacre.

In 1979, during the infamous BLM wilderness review, a second chaining massacre was attempted on the Grand Gulch Plateau. Nearly 200,000 acres of BLM land were going to be designated wilderness study areas despite hard efforts by the BLM to limit the acreage. In response, ranchers who grazed cattle in the area decided to chain 18 more state school sections. Of course, all 18 sections were virtual islands surrounded by public land undergoing BLM roadless area review.

The state land board approved the chainings because lease money would be contributed to the school system. The BLM, despite deleterious impacts to its proposed roadless areas, did not object because state sections were technically outside the agency's jurisdiction. However, BLM managers were very aware of the consequences of chaining over 11,500 acres of state land within areas being evaluated for wilderness suitability.

Except for two blunders, the second Grand Gulch chaining massacre would have succeeded. First, the initial state section to be chained was immediately adjacent to Highway 95. Second, a professional archaeological clearance had not been conducted and a number of significant prehistoric sites were destroyed.

An archaeologist who fortunately happened to be driving down the highway did not have to leave his car to recognize the destructive impacts to prehistoric sites. Within hours, a network of archaeologists throughout the west had shut down the chaining. They cited a number of federal regulations that had been violated. The Utah Chapter of the Sierra Club then entered the picture as a second segment of vocal opposition. Extensive media coverage resulted, mostly favorable to the preservationists.

The BLM, the locals who backed the chaining, and the state land board were stunned by the opposition to the "range improvements" planned for state lands in the Grand Gulch area. They responded with such confusion that only two other chainings occurred prior to the November, 1980 BLM final decision on wilderness study areas in Utah. Large portions of the roadless land that had been targeted for chaining were designated wilderness study areas. As a side benefit, the archaeology was protected in the two other chainings that did occur near Grand Gulch.

Had the other 17 school sections been chained prior to the one adjacent to Highway 95, the damage to both the archaeology and the roadless areas would not have been recognized until it was too late to protect either. As it was, the BLM dropped portions of the Fish Creek wilderness study area next to the school section where the chaining controversy occurred.

Lessons can be derived from the two chaining massacres. First, the state of Utah (in addition to the BLM) is an active opponent of wilderness. Second, state school sections because of their strategic locations, and range improvements because of their impacts, can be used as weapons for reducing size of adjacent roadless areas. Finally, the regulations protecting prehistoric sites can be used as an effective tool to protect wilderness. The only adequate solution, however, to state interference within roadless areas, is to wrest isolated school sections from the state of Utah, placing them once again in the hands of the federal government. Hopefully, they would be treated in a more equitable fashion by the feds.

(ED. NOTE: On Thanksgiving weekend, 1979, two of the caterpillar tractors used in the chainings were destroyed by unknown individuals.)

Something To Think About.

the mysteries of things
line & cut &
match & erase.

materials,
partaking in
the mysteries of things,
best handled only
in certain ways

for these pages
to look as if
nothing was done:

all the words appearing
in perfect alignment—

like water from a faucet

or the sun coming up.

—Barbara Naiditch

plants need watering.

Let's role-play, they said.
I'll be the moon, he said.

No, they said, you have
to play an active part.
I'll be the moon, he said.

No, they said, you have
to risk something.
I'll be the moon, he said.

No, they said, you have
to suffer something.
I'll be the full moon, he said.

—Richard Ganci

I A Rainbow
It was dusk, and I felt myself falling, down, down to the earth...again and again. I kept falling very fast all night and all morning. And then it stopped. I lay in a puddle. The sunshine streaming through the dew-drops, warming me. . .the spider-webs sparkled like crystal, and the grass looked like diamonds. Puddles turned into them and saw a wonderful thing. The sun had made me into a rainbow! All my colors like candy...Everyone admires them and I am very happy.

—Robin Lietha

Come touch,

Like walking on air.

Envoy
old buzzard, old turkey vulture of my spirit
eat up that which dwelling on pain brings
eat up the dross
eat up the dead
eat up the useless
eat up the wasteful
eat up the cancer
eat up the anti-life
eat it up mercilessly
Oh scavenger of joy
discover the food the too proud would leave behind
tha we may grow strong
circling again
flying higher

—Kirk Lumpkin

ARMED WITH VISIONS

Submissions are invited of poems, songs, spoofs, and all eco-radical or earth-nurturing work, • Include SASE if you want work returned • All rights reserved to the authors • **Send pieces to Art Goodtimes, Box 1008, Telluride, CO 81435.**

if

if i run barefoot
for long enough
eat stonecrop, dandylion
grasshopper, dock seed
if i fast forever
lay open my heart
if i hunt with bow and arrow
made of chokecherries, flint
(cities fall, fold up, die)
if i return to the mountain
where old bones lie
if i face east
the dawn
offer tobacco
my blood
my life
will the land be free again?

—Pine Wolf

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...?

Poetry, the Arts in General

Poetry, the Arts in general, are a benevolence impulse, are the opposite of everyting that's dead or death-dealing like violence or war. Poetry is the arch-enemy of enmity. In Compton's volume — "A," "Artillery" comes right before "Arts." And "Artillery" usually does come before the Arts in the priorities of governments. There's a Space Race, but no Poetry Race. In the late 50s Sputnks spurred an emphasis on science. One of the results of science without poetry is called plutonium, one of the deadliest substances ever made by man, and it literally means death, death planet Hades concocted on this green Earth Whitman and every other poet blessed so tenderly. Plutonium is the opposite of poetry. I'm saying now it's time to give poetry equal time. Time to give Art equal time to Art-illery. Cultural exchange sure beat nuclear exchange. Better to exchange the best, rather than the worst aspects of our cultures. I recently read the statistic that everyone on Earth could be fed, clothed, sheltered & given medical care & education for a whole year on what the military of all countries spends in two weeks. It isn't hard to figure out. Peace is not only an idealistic preference. It's an economic necessity.

—Jeff Poniewaz

Arizona
The earth gave birth.
Its womb spewed forth land masses
that looked like sagging tits
with hard, cracked nipples.
The light was bright and harsh
and tanned her grainy skin
until it colored like a burnt hide.
Her pubic hair, scruffy and scraggly,
dotted her surface in intricate
tangles of dusty tumbleweed.
Where once was water,
the land had hardened and scarred
forming carved impressions of careless
limbs that stretched a gigantic breadth.
And hills that dipped and swayed
like the rolling curves of
a once young woman.

I felt ageless
and felt old, felt the sagging tits
the acrid heat of the old mother's breath.
wondering at the long and arduous labor
which had torn her thighs apart to yield
this sprawling, scrubbrush infant.

—Ceil Goldberg

NATURE AND THE EARTH.

Peopleserious about

A pome
to Kilmer's dome
—by Raymond Barrio

I hear that I shall never see
an atrocity as hideous as a tree

A mammoth redwood whose leafy boughs
are ripped and shredded

A magnifique whose limbs
become herbaceously dreaded

A sequoia giant wrenched out
of heaven's earth bosom

Bitten by saw and crushed by rotor
and drug on over by a stony loader

To martial music then, to the
crunchy refrain of a power crane

Whose power though brief
is mightier than the awesome squeak

Of the emasculated brain
of a corporation chief

A sempervirens whose tranquil soul
leaves us on a lumber mill's troll

Ah, the chips do fly. . .
And so my children
that is why you'll never see
Another gigantic redwood
as lovely as a tree.

After Discussing Eco-Defense

At one with nothing but herself
an exercise itself deceptive;
maintained by will, and diet pills
the mistress of the land fills
looks tanned and thinks
that your plan stinks.
"You'll lose your friends," she avowed,
"which includes me." She has you cowed.
She has Nancy's tuck-in face,
and Mrs. Reagan's clear blue eyes.
She turns them to you, mystified.
"How can you give up my support?"
"Go to hell," you glad retort.

"I live in Jackson, in the summer,
my daughter is a river-runner.
Hubby's hobby is the woods
and jogging's clearly done him good.
I can't imagine what he'd say
when home, at last, from a long day
he pours himself a pinch of Scotch,
turns on the news in time to watch
you bearded crazies on a march.
His client that day, probably Exxon,
watches too, (that you can count on),
They're sure to know their counsel's wives,
I've worked with theirs on charity drives.
Now, what in God's name will I say?"
"Go to hell," you mad reply.

"Oh, that's the problem with the troops
though I'm a member of all groups
I cannot bear the rank and file
so few it seems are worthwhile."
She runs her hands through her hair,
looks past you with a sexy air.
"You're excepted from my scorn.
I recall the day my son was born.
You look like him, I shouldn't say,
for you are rugged, and he is gay.
What I like, I must admit
about these mountain climbing trips
are you handsome hunks of meat."
"Go to hell," you sad repeat.

—Marc Brown

IS THE SKY FALLING?

by James F. Berry

Is the sky falling? Gary Coates says that we are in the final crisis out of which will emerge something much different from what we now know. Maybe better, maybe worse, surely different. Most people I talk to (Thomas Berry excepted) sort of lean back and say, "Well now, that is an overstatement. Who is Gary Coates (he is the editor of *Resettling America)*, and why is he trying to scare us to death? I do not see that the evidence bears him out. Things are not really all *that bad.* Of course, we need to do some things to clean up the air and water and to keep the soil in place, but we will do what is necessary. Don't get so excited. It is bad for your blood pressure."

Or some people say, "You are trying to fight industrialization. Well, what is your alternative? If you think people are going to give up their washing machines and automobiles and go back to subsistence farming you are crazy." What they seem to be saying is that there is no alternative way to live. The automobile will continue to be the central artifact of civilization and the hi-tech home the central dream. Factories will provide the most desirable form of employment and life will revolve around a day at the plant and an evening at the TV. The Madison Avenue family finding joy in mouthwash, floor wax, deodorant, hair spray, and the final paradise of the beer bust is not a picture of ultimate emptiness but the picture of a grand America. The surrender to the money makers is complete. No life other than the life of the vacuous model finding happiness through toothpaste is within the reach of imagination.

The sky really is falling I am ready to argue. I am not only talking about what is covered in *Global 2000*; about water, soil, air, ozone, energy, forests, oceans, metals, wastes, radiation, and the extinction of a half to two million species of life. I am also talking about behavior which degrades more and more toward the despicable. In North Carolina, for instance, one only has to look at the way migrant farm labor is treated (growers recently obtained a court injunction nullifying a requirement that they furnish water to the field for drinking or washing off pesticides.) Or one has only to look at a judicial and criminal justice system which outrages decency, or at a tax system aimed at the poor by a legislature clearly vulnerable to special interests. And there is a belligerence abroad, a failure of love, sour hatreds, human exploitation, contempt for the peacemakers, an us/them view of the world, the casting of disagreements into a context of demonology, by which those who disagree are classified as devils. There is a conviction on the part of many that wealth bestows goodness and demonstrates superiority, whereas poverty is a sign of divine disapproval and a mark of unworthiness. El Salvador is the metaphor of our time, and Jesse Helms its prophet.

If there is a glimmer of hope it rests, in my opinion, on a new appreciation of what it means to be human, where the human belongs. Gradually penetrating human consciousness is the understanding Darwin and Teilhard and many many others have provided us the illumination to reach. The human is the natural product of the natural order, an earthling. What we must learn, and perhaps are in the process of learning, is the lesson the earth teaches, that everything is connected to everything else. Nature knows no national boundaries. The butterfly in the garden wintered in Mexico, the songbird in Brazil. The water drawn from the well was snow on the western mountains a thousand years ago. The rain is water lifted from the ocean a continent away. The oxygen comes from a leaf in an *Indonesian forest. Food is the* result of an earth technology so complex it will never be fully detailed. We are creatures of the earth and we participate in the great mysteries of the earth. While we are each different we share an identity. We are subjective and at the same time we belong to a communion that links us up to one another in a way beautifully described by Walt Whitman. The earth requires universal love and that demand is even more exacting, more immediate and more dire in its consequences than is the scriptural law. The central focus of love is the earth itself for it is the *earth that the human begins to* comprehend as the mythic as well as the hard reality.

I saw a TV program showing the annual movements of caribou herds across Canada and Alaska. The herds number in the hundreds of thousands always on the move over a vast territory, repeating a cycle of life that has persisted for millenia. This cycle may be interfered with by roads and pipelines, and extinction threatens. In the view of a human who shares in the life process that produced the caribou, the migration routes are sacred and must be left alone. No human requirement takes precedence over the established rights of these animals. Similarly the fly way routes of the Monarch butterfly from Mexico to New Jersey are sacred.

Are there alternatives to industrialization? Of course there are, and the failures of industrialization are so obvious and so life destroying that alternatives *must* be found. Industrialization means General Electric in the back yard and on the rivers. In New York you are cautioned not to eat more than one meal per week of fish taken from fresh water, none if you are pregnant. In Ontario, California the economy is desolate. That's what GE means in two places. The alternatives are to be found in achieving local self reliance in food, in sun technologies, in the revival of crafts, in mass transportation and in cleaning up the environment. Let North Carolina be what it is and become a pleasant neighborly community. As soon as enough brain power is turned to finding ways to live with the earth the answers will come thick and fast.

SONORAN DESERT!

March 12-19, 1983

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ABOUT EARTH FIRST!

There are two Earth First!s. One is the grassroots movement without structure, heirarchy, organization, or bureaucracy. The other is *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal* which you hold in your hands. *EF!*, the paper, is an independent entity within the broad EF! movement and is designed to act as a communications medium for radical environmentalists. This way the EARTH FIRST! movement does not have to deal with the legal system or the burdens of organization. This arrangement is our solution to the problem of an anarchist group. The editorial policy of *EF!*, the publication, is set by The Circle, a group of thirteen active Earth First!ers around the country. They oversee our operation on a volunteer basis. Your subscription money, purchases of EF! snake oil & trinkets, and contributions fund the publishing of this paper. All additional money ("profit") will be granted to various aspects of the EF! movement to aid in our cause to preserve the green beauty and diversity of our Mother Earth. *Please subscribe or resubscribe today!*

Clip and send to *EARTH FIRST!*, PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301

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The *EF!* subscription list is kept entirely confidential. You are welcome to use an alias.

Extra Copies of *Earth First!* Available

Spread the word about Earth First!. Contact us to arrange for extra copies of *EF!* to distribute locally. Everyone who has been getting extra copies of the paper needs to contact us and let us know how many copies to send you. (We don't have the previous records.)

Did you misplace a back issue of the *Earth First! Newsletter?* Are you a recent subscriber? Would you like to pass around back issues to drum up interest in EF!? You're in luck. We have a *number of back issues beginning* with the Dec. 21, Yule Edition. Here's a quick run-down on past articles:

YULE Dec. 21: 1981 EF! Road Show overview, tree spiking, EF! Preserves.

BRIGID Feb. 2: Oil and Gas leasing in Wilderness Areas, Dave Foreman's EF! article reprinted from the *Progressive.*

EOSTAR RITUAL Mar. 20 Nukedump in Canyonlands, Mardie Murie Interview, Glen Canyon Damn petition, Ned Ludd Books—what they're all about, Coors boycott.

BELTANE May 1: Little Granite rig and the Gros Ventre, *Gasquet-Orleans (GO) Road,* How seismic survey crews work, Jail: A Primer—preparing for civil disobedience arrest.

LITHA June 21: McKinley Grove Redwoods Threatened, 22 Things to do as an EF!er.

LUGHNASAD Aug. 1: Pete Dustrud resigns as Editor, RRR highlights, Rally for Redwoods and proposed dam on Dinkey Creek, Little Granite Stakes Pulled—Again.

MABON Sept. 21: EF! and SAFE Crack Hetch-Hetchy, Environmental Strategy for '80s, "Road Spiking," Marshall's 1936 Roadless Area Inventory, Update *on Little Granite*

SAMHAIN Nov. 1: BLM wilderness inventory in Utah exposed, Abbey on Books and Gurus, Closing Roads, Forest Service Assault on Big Wilderness, Nuclear War as an Ecological Issue, Guidelines on EF! Wilderness Proposals.

Let us know which back issues you would like. Send 50¢ for 1st Class postage for each newsletter, or appropriate 3rd Class postage for bulk orders.

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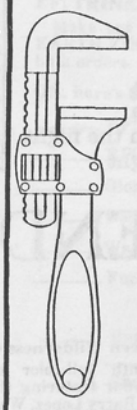
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Name _____ Phone ( ) _____

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____ I am willing to engage in non-violent direct action to protect wilderness & Mother Earth

____ I can be ready to leave on short notice

____ I need _____ days to be ready

____ I am willing to engage in actions almost anywhere

____ I am willing to engage in actions for this area: _____

____ I'll contact other S.W.A.A.T Team members in my area

____ Here is $ _____ for a special emergency fund to support EF! S.W.A.A.T. Team

____ Call me if you need an emergency donation or loan for direct action

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Include any other comments.

Return to Earth First! PO Box 235, Ely, Nevada 89301

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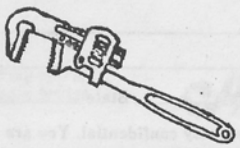

It's Time to Fight

(Words by B.N. Koehler:
Tune — "I Saw The Light")

Chorus:

G
It's time to fight, it's time to fight
C G
No more compromises—no more sleepless nights
G
The earth needs her freedom—stand in the light
G D G
Praise our Mother—it's time to fight

I was riding my pony across the Great Divide
Discovered that there ain't no place to hide
There's strip mines and clearcuts and oil rigs
day and night
It's time for justice, it's time to fight
Chorus

I'd been so disheartened—at what I did see
Rape and destruction from sea to dying sea
Acid rains on our forests, nukes glowing in the night
Let's take back our country—it's time to fight

FUCK BECHTEL—Designed by Bill Turk. Blue with red and black design—100% cotton.

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LITTLE GREEN SONGBOOK

This is just one song of thirty-two in the enlarged 2nd edition of *Johnny Sagebrush's Little Green Songbook*. For the whole ball of wax complete with an essay on Neanderthals by Dave Foreman and a passel of hero photos of Johnny Sagebrush and his horse, Paint, just send $2.50 plus 50¢ shipping to EF!, PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301. (All Little Green Songbooks autographed by Johnny.)

All T-Shirts are men's sizes: S, M, Lg, XLg—$7.50 unless otherwise noted. Add $1 postage for first shirt and 50¢ for each additional one.

1983 Earth First! Calendar

This is just one of fifty-two weeks in the 1983 Earth First! Calendar. The entire calendar includes nearly 1000 annotated conservation, natural, Luddite, radical, and gonzo dates; nearly 100 environmental and anarchist quotations; one dozen inspiring black & white photos of Earth First! in action (Glen Canyon Damn Crack, Gros Ventre Rally, *etc.*), a *listing of every Wilderness* bill and every designated Wilderness Area (with dates), Jim Stiles' Cracked Glen Canyon Damn and Bill Turk's Defend the Wilderness on the front and back covers; not to mention lots of great graphics for the Earth Holidays (Full Moons and Sabbats) by Karen Tanner. *All this for just five dollars!* All proceeds of course go to support the activities of Earth First!. Order yours now. Buy 'em for Winter Solstice presents! Postpaid.

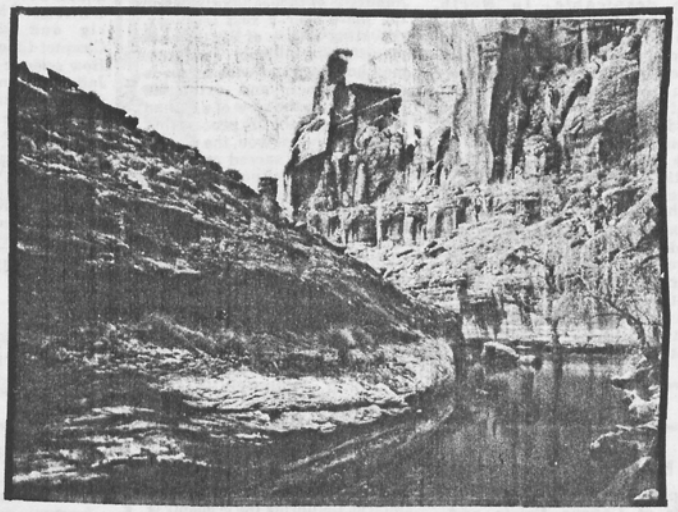
CALENDARS

The 1983 Western Wilderness Calendar

A twelve-month full-color environmental wilderness calendar featuring the writings of Edward Abbey, Barry Lopez, Wallace Stegner, Ann Zwinger, John Nichols, Frank Waters, Lawrence Clark Powell and other noted western wilderness authors. An attempt will again be made to interprete their writings through extracting quotes, annotation and illustration, new and obscure dates and events and full-color photographs by some of the best wilderness photographers today; Philip Hyde, David Muench, Tom Till, David Sumner, John Telford and a host of newcomers to round out the 1983 Western Wilderness Calendar.

1983 WESTERN WILDERNESS CALENDAR

With EF! imprint $6.95 plus $1 shipping.



THE 1983 WESTERN WILDERNESS CALENDAR

5	6	7	Bryce Canyon Nat. Mon., 1923 8	9	10	New Moon 11
1854 Know Nothing Party organized (and still going strong) 1975 UN Earthcare Conference on Protection of Natural Areas 1976 Teton Damn, ID, collapses	1816 2' snow in Connecticut (Year Without Summer) 1912 Mt Katmai, AK, erupts (largest in North America)	1692 Port Royal, Jamaica, "Wickedest City in the World", destroyed by earthquake 1913 Denali allows humans on top 1924 Bryce (Utah) NP, UT+	1906 Antiquities Act authorizes National Monuments 1933 Forest Service splits Gila and Black Range PAs with North Star Road 1933 Mt Jefferson PA, OR & Pine Mt PA, AZ 1964 South Warner Wild Area, CA+	1628 First person deported from Americas (Thomas Morton) 1972 Rapid City, SD, damn collapse kills 237	"I cannot conceive the necessity of becoming a slave, while there remains a ditch in which one may die free!" -Arthur Lee, 1768	1962 First National SDS Convention (Where are they today? Wall Street?) Total solar eclipse 4:34 AM PST

USGS TOPO MAPS

USGS sells you their topo maps for $2 and most private dealers charge $3 or more. EF! sells them to you for only $1.75! To order, simply send us a list of maps you want (in alphabetical order by state specifying 7½ or 15-minute quads) and a check for $1.75 each. Maps will be shipped directly by USGS to you and you should receive your maps only 2 weeks from the day you stick your order in the mail to us. Contact either USGS or EF! for state indexes.

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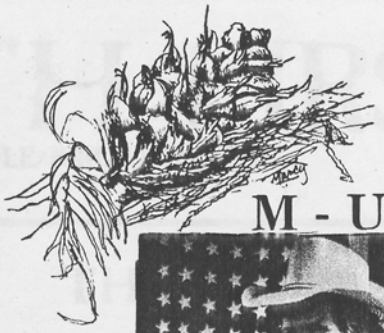

M-U-S-I-C

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OUR EARTH FIRST! BARDS—Cecilia Ostrow and Johnny Sagebrush are now on tape. Cecilia sings six of her beautiful songs—the tape is entitled *Heart to the Wild Lands*. Some words are included. Tape is $3 postpaid.

Johnny Sagebrush and the Black Rock Desert Band and Singers perform 18 numbers from the *Little Green Songbook*. A rousing, if not technically perfect, collection of songs appear on this 60-minute *Earth First! Family Home Evening* tape. Tapes are $5 postpaid. Throw in another dollar and we'll send you an autographed Little Green Songbook—a special EF! holiday package.

SILENT AGITATORS
Finally Available! These stickers are suitable for adhering to anything (bar room bathroom mirrors, Freddie offices, dead bulldozers, etc.) These agitators are reminiscent of the old Wobblie "silent agitators" of the 20s and 30s. One sticker will be the EF! Logo entitled "No Compromise in Defending our Mother Earth." The other sticker will read, "Boycott Coors Beer." Strips of ten cost $1. (25¢ postage per 10.)

ED ABBEY BOOKS
We now have a new batch of Ed Abbey books, especially autographed by Cactus Ed himself as a fund raiser for EF!

Monkeywrench Gang	$6 postpaid
Desert Solitaire	$6 postpaid
Down the River	$10 postpaid (large paperback)
The Journey Home	$11 (hardback) postpaid
The Brave Cowboy	$6 postpaid
Fire on the Mountain	$6 postpaid
Black Sun	$6 postpaid

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_____ Fuck Bechtel T-Shirt(s), Size(s) _____

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_____
_____ Silent Agitators: Indicate kind and quantity _____
_____

_____ Little Green Songbook(s)
_____ Topo Maps _____
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_____ Johnny Sagebrush or Cecilia Ostrow tape
_____ EARTH FIRST! Calendar(s)
_____ Western Wilderness Calendar(s)

_____ EF! Camouflage Hat
_____ EF! Key Chain

_____ *Monkeywrench Gang*
_____ *Down the River*
_____ *The Journey Home*
_____ *The Brave Cowboy*
_____ *Fire on the Mountain*
_____ *Black Sun*
_____ *Desert Solitaire*

_____ *Windsinger*

We also have hardback copies of *Windsinger* by Gary Smith available for $5 postage paid.

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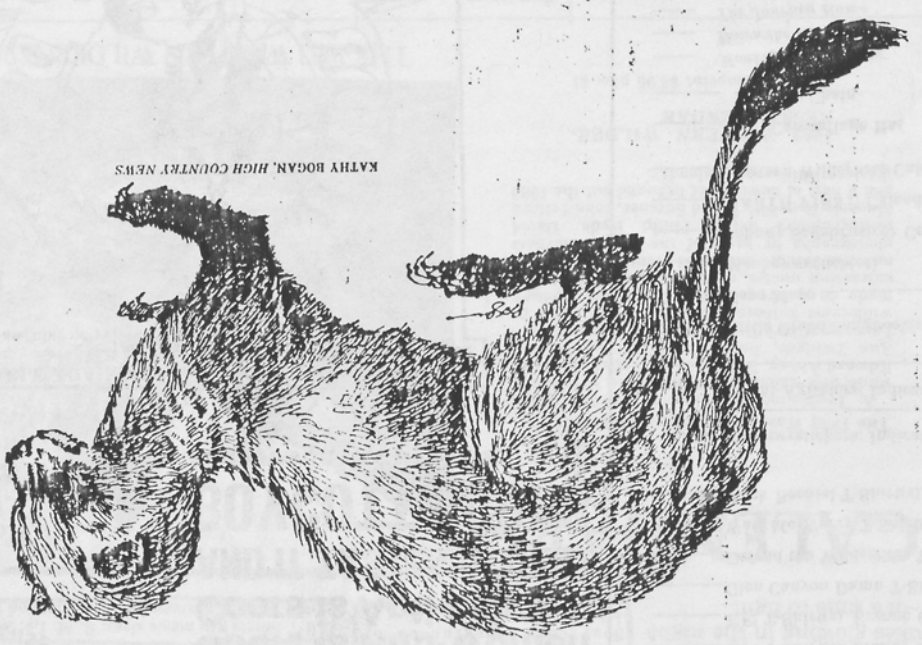
Get yours before Watt gets his! Only $8 postpaid from Earth First!
Tan, blue or yellow—Specify if you want all cotton.

WATT? ME WORRY!



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